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MARTIN GARRIX

CUSTOM RIDES

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MARIJUANA

ROAD RUNNERS

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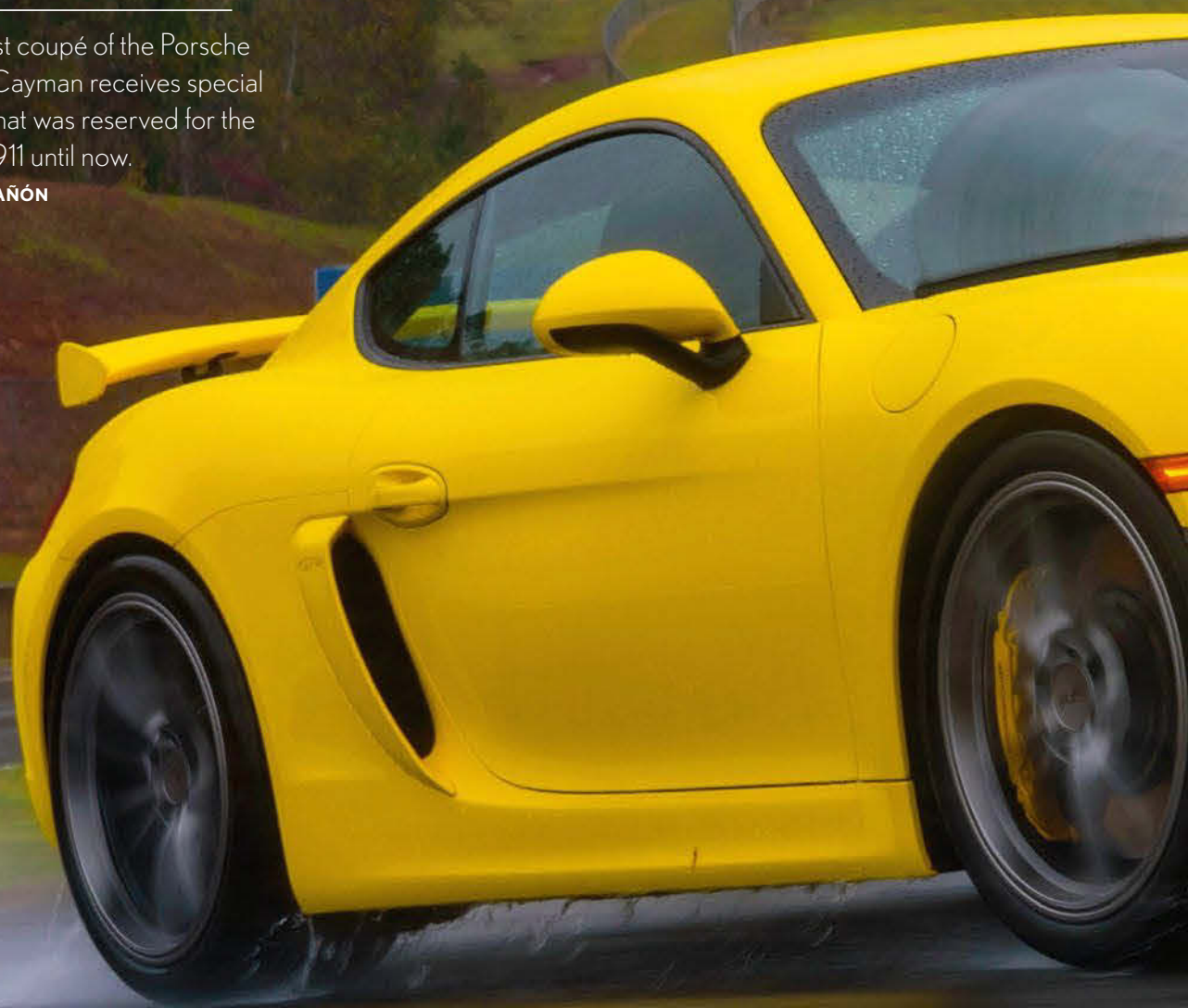
ARENA

A MAN'S WORLD

ALL EYES ON TOP

The smallest coupé of the Porsche family, the Cayman receives special treatment that was reserved for the traditional 911 until now.

By HECTOR MAÑÓN



A yellow sports car, likely a Lotus Evija, is shown from a front-three-quarter view, driving on a wet, winding race track. The car's headlights are on, and the wet pavement reflects the light. The track curves through a green landscape with trees in the background. A white circular graphic containing the word 'INSIDE' is positioned in the upper left corner.

INSIDE

MEET THE **KING OF CUSTOMS**
WHAT'S MARTIN GARRIX UP TO?
BEHIND-THE-SCENES: DON JULIO TEQUILA



The new Porsche Cayman GT4 is a radical version of the smallest coupé by the German brand that takes all the experience gained on the track and places it in a car made for the streets.

To understand where it comes from, let's analyse the 911 range, because this car has the most versions with Porsche. The first one was called Carrera—named after the Pan-American Race that took place in Mexico in the '50s; following up was the Carrera S, with more power that came from a bigger engine, and the last one is the Carrera GTS which was oriented towards use on the streets.

At the top of the list we find the Turbo versions—Turbo S (with more power), GT3 (with an orientation for race tracks), and

GT3 RS (which is a real racing car approved for the streets).

The Cayman range started small and it has slowly gained more sport-oriented versions, like the GTS, or even the exuberant Cayman R in its last generation. But we've never seen something like the GT on this platform, and for many people, thanks to a better distribution of the weight with a central engine, the Cayman is a dream car. But the brand decided to restrain itself, giving it a smaller engine that just doesn't do it justice...well, so far.

TECHNICAL CARD CAYMAN GT4

ENGINE

6-cylinder boxer of 3.8 litres with 380 hp at 7,400 rpm

TRANSMISSION

Six-speed manual gearbox

TRACTION

Rear-wheel drive

PERFORMANCE

0 to 100 kmph in 4.4 sec;
top speed of 295 kmph

PRICE

Starting at ₹57 lakh.

POWER INJECTION

The changes are extensive with respect to the normal Cayman or even the GTS, highlighting the aerodynamic package with bigger air intakes in the front, a giant spoiler in the back, lower suspension and stronger brakes. This version also boasts exclusive wheels.

On the mechanical side we found that the 3.4-litre engine and the six-cylinder boxer were substituted for a superior one (3.8 litres)—in fact the same engine we found on the 911 Carrera S, but instead of delivering 400 horse power, it stays at 380.



Also, Porsche tasked its team with removing weight from here and there to make it even faster. The result is astonishing—a car that completed the Nürburgring race track in only seven minutes; faster than the McLaren-Mercedes SLR, for example.

They might have taken the idea of less weight a little too seriously, though. Inside we found handles made of fabric to open doors instead of regular ones. The seats are made from carbon fibre and only have manual adjustments. But despite all these obvious changes to keep the weight low, the car still has a luxury vibe.

The equipment is goodlooking, with elements like the info-entertainment screen at the centre of the board to control GPS, Bluetooth connections, the sound system with entries for AM, FM, CD, MP3, USB, auxiliary and the travel computer which is connected to Sport Chrono to deliver the circuit time and GPS trajectory.

What is the result of retiring all the

THE CHANGES ARE EXTENSIVE WITH RESPECT TO THE NORMAL CAYMAN OR EVEN THE GTS, HIGHLIGHTING THE AERODYNAMIC PACKAGE WITH BIGGER AIR INTAKES IN THE FRONT, A GIANT SPOILER IN THE BACK, LOWER SUSPENSION AND STRONGER BRAKES.

weight, installing a bigger engine and outlandish aerodynamics? A car that accelerates from 0 to 100 kmph in 4.4 seconds, or 0 to 200 kmph in 14.5 seconds and reaches 295 kmph. Meanwhile, the tail pipe delights us with a deep sound that intensifies when the revolutions go up and the transmission is super smooth. Luckily, Porsche kept things simple with this GT4 and used a six-speed manual gearbox, which powers the experience of driving and lets the engine boost the revolutions to the red side of the tachometer.

The brakes are excellent and the controls are so fast they act almost telepathically—if you're thinking of turning

the wheel, the car is already there. The suspension, which was specifically designed for this model to deliver more precision and excitement while driving, keeps the body completely stable while you turn a curve. Finally, for those who seek to exploit the car to the max, the Cayman GT4 is adjustable (the suspension, the stabiliser bar and the aerodynamics), so you can fit the car to any track you can find.

This is not a car that can be used in the city because the suspension is low and too hard, the seats can be exhausting after a while, and there's no place for a cellphone in the interior, but where it really shines is on the track.

The Cayman GT4 is a true machine for the race track; it was expected to break records on the circuits and offer the experience of a raw, sport and exuberant car, like its older brother, the GT3. At a lesser cost, it is still a Cayman. The base price for this model is ₹57 lakh, a lot less than the ₹88 lakh you have to pay for the GT3.

ARENA *personalised rides*



Stroud's custom BSI X-100 truck is based on the classic 1956 Ford F-100.

KING OF CUSTOMS

Bodie Stroud has built a hot-rod empire out of a simple idea: It's what's on the inside that counts.

By **MIKE GUY**

THE BACK LOT AT BODIE STROUD INDUSTRIES

may look like a junkyard, but each junker is potentially worth millions. Surrounded by tall fencing, it's cluttered with cars that are torn in half, parts broken beyond recognition, and stacks of bumpers. A 352 Ford V-8 engine dangles from a chain hoist, a motor without a home. The junk, the cars, the tools, and even the workers—there are eight of them today, wearing respirators and Mechanix gloves, sanding, shaping, tearing, bending, spraying, and turning wrenches—are covered in dust from the concrete factories that pervade this very industrial, very hellish corridor of the sun-blasted San Fernando Valley.

To look at the plain exterior of BSI and its grim surroundings, you might never guess that Johnny Knoxville was here not long ago to pick up his 1970 Cadillac Coupé de Ville (which Bodie Stroud himself had transformed from a busted-up rust knuckle to a gleaming, state-of-the-art missile of style). Johnny Depp dropped off his beloved 1951 Ford Mercury to be similarly resurrected. "From the outside, I like to keep it looking like a junkyard," Stroud says. "I think it gives me street cred in this neighbourhood."

That same bit of perceptual judo, in which an outdated appearance masks a sophisticated interior, is the driving force behind what Stroud does with cars. He takes a classic—say, a 1963 Galaxie 500—and rebuilds it by handcrafting extremely modern, powerful, and shocking insides. It's like taking the book jacket of a *Farewell to Arms* first edition and placing it over a next-gen iPad.

Stroud is soft-spoken, with piercing blue eyes and hands the size of master brake cylinders. He is among the most respected and sought-after custom builders in the resto-mod movement. These oil-smudged wizards take classic cars—or parts of cars, or trucks, or motorcycles—in various states of disrepair and handcraft them with obsessive (and expensive) detail, retrofitting them until they are more perfect than anyone at Ford or Chevy ever imagined possible.

The main shop floor at BSI is crowded with 15 or 25 cars at any given time. Today there's a 1965 Ford Galaxie, a '67 Fairlane, and an X-100 in brandy wine with shimmering chrome details. They are all in the process of being painstakingly rebuilt. At 2013's SEMA Show, Stroud introduced his BSI X-100, a 1956 Ford pick-up

truck that was hand-spun into an alarmingly fast, splashy, ultramodern masterpiece. Under the hood is a supercharged, 5.0-litre, 410-horsepower Ford Coyote Aluminator motor, shifting through a Ford 4R70W four-speed automatic.

And here's where Stroud finds particular enjoyment: The BSI X-100 starts at \$1,80,000, and he has sold three of them since lifting the canvas at the Las Vegas Convention Center.

"There's something about this pick-up that appeals to the right people," he says, wandering his crowded shop floor. "It's something like nostalgia, but it's also all about that perfect, hard-core ride. You know, a modern feel and a vintage look."

Stroud is 46 years old and has been running BSI for only eight years. Before that, he was a humble diesel mechanic. "I loved

“

IT'S ABOUT
THAT PERFECT,
HARD-CORE RIDE:
A MODERN
FEEL AND
A VINTAGE
LOOK.”

working on a diesel engine. Everything makes sense. If it doesn't, you think about it, and then it does. I miss that."

He lived the rough life of a diesel mechanic, too. He was twice arrested for beating the shit out of people, once in a bar in Montrose and again in Burbank. "I came close to never pulling out of that," Stroud admits. "I had a love affair with getting drunk and fighting."

But he was destined for automotive greatness. And he made the right connections. Jay Leno, a famously obsessive car collector, has been a friend for 10 years. A garage-full of other celebs parades through Stroud's shop with regularity. Beyond the aforementioned Johnnys, there's Tim Allen (who bought a 1968 Camaro and a 1950 Cadillac), Dan Reynolds, the frontman for Imagine Dragons (a '67 Mustang), and Drea de Matteo of *The Sopranos* and *Sons of Anarchy* (a '67 Camaro).

"Adam Carolla is obsessed with Lamborghinis," Stroud says of the comedian and podcast star. He walks out behind the main building into the sunbaked yard and points to the frame of a 1966 Lamborghini 400 GT. There are beat-up cardboard boxes nearby filled with struts, suspension knuckles, housings for lights—all the tiny bits of an Italian exotic. "Carolla picked this up for, like, \$100,000. By the time I'm finished with it, it'll be worth around \$850,000 and drive like it was built next year. He has to like those economics, right?"

The money's nice, of course, but one gets the distinct feeling that Stroud talks up the payday to distract us from a somewhat nobler goal: Giving a second chance to a decaying masterpiece, then turning the key and hearing it rumble gloriously to life.



Mechanic, builder, and fabricator Stroud takes a breather.

AUTO FOCUSED

Get revved with some of the classic cars being rebuilt in Bodie Stroud's Sun Valley, California, shop.



"Here's a 1948 Ford Convertible—just like the one in the movie *Grease*—in for a complete rebuild from the ground up."



"This 1966 400 GT Lamborghini belongs to Adam Carolla. It's a rare car and very valuable. There were only approximately 200 ever built."



"A 1967 convertible Camaro that belongs to Drea de Matteo. We work on it and store it for her, and when she is in town she uses it as a daily driver. She's had it for quite a long time."



"This 1966 Chevy C10 has been chopped, sectioned, and heavily modified. It belongs to a guy named Brian who works at DreamWorks. This car fits him and his personality to a T."

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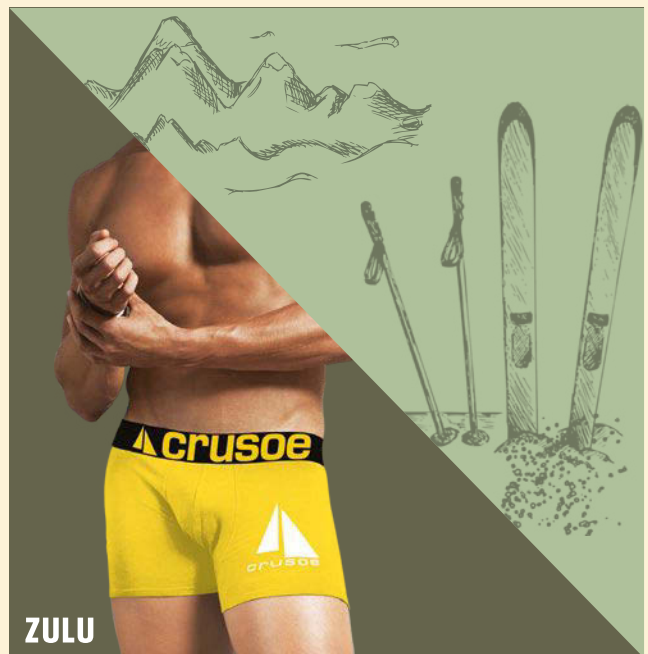
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ARCTIC ICE

We're well into winter and pretty convinced no alcohol is too strong... not even the fear-invoking absinthe.

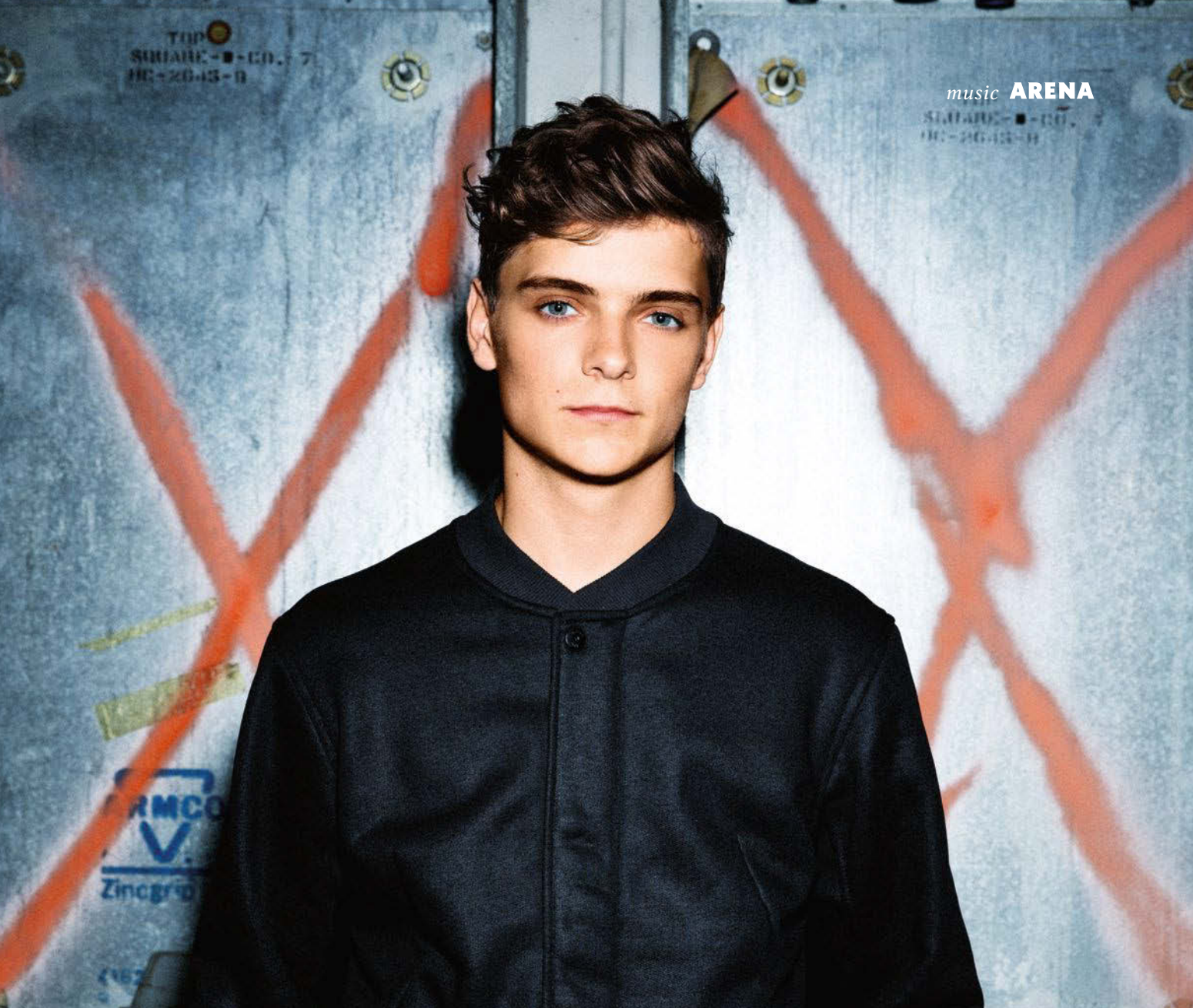
Absinthe cocktails are the grown-up cousins to those amateur-yet-nostalgic jello shots you gave up a decade ago. Since the average absinthe alcohol is 90-150 proof, just rinsing/bathing the cocktail glass with it is enough to add a strong flavour of liquorice and serious intensity. Here's one of our favourite recipes courtesy of mixologist DK at [Le Meridien](#) in Gurgaon.

Ingredients:

50 ml lemon vodka;
10 ml *creme de menthe*;
10 ml lemon juice; 5 ml sugar
syrup; 10 ml absinthe

Method:

Rinse the serving glass with absinthe. Pour all the ingredients into a shaker filled with ice. Shake well. Add sugar syrup according to your taste. Serve it chilled.



BEING AN EDM SUPERSTAR

We talked with Martin Garrix, the man behind the hit, "Animals," about the similarity of music in the EDM world.

LIFE AFTER "ANIMALS"

I'm super happy that I made "Animals," but like you said, I had a lot of pressure after it, because I was like, "Ah, I don't know what to do now." To be honest, the first two or three months after "Animals" hit it big, I did not work a lot in the studio because I was doing too many shows and planning my next move.

iTUNES ON REPEAT

There's a new song by Florian Picasso called "Origami." It's a different song—and I love to listen to different-sounding songs. The problem for me is that a lot of electronic music sounds so similar, so I'm super stoked and super excited when I hear something different.

ELECTRONIC MUSIC NOWADAYS

I honestly think that some artistes now are doing so much of the same stuff and it's stupid, because they're in a position when they can try something new and make something new. The best thing is to surprise people and make them talk about your songs. Music changes, your style changes, and your interest changes, and if you don't follow that, well, you're not a true artist.



STYLE AND TRADITION

Don Julio, the man behind Don Julio tequila, opened the doors of their production plant in Jalisco to show us all the secrets around the production of his family's prized products.

By **ATZEL PÉREZ***

MEXICANS AND NOW MORE PEOPLE AROUND

the world can't find a drink more perfect than tequila to say cheers with friends. But when you talk about tequila you have to enjoy a brand that provides quality, and at the forefront is Don Julio, securing a special place thanks to its light flavour and special production process.

To witness their production process first-hand and reaffirm why they're one of the best premium tequilas in Mexico, Don Julio invited us to their production fields, production plant and barrels in Jalisco.

Each tequila starts with the selection of blue agaves, which are collected in the fields by harvesters in the Los Altos de Jalisco region—a beautiful field that you cannot forget because the land is red. Here's where they collect the iconic sweet and citric flavours.

Diego Oseguera, brand ambassador,

confesses that one of the secrets of the process is that they let the blue agaves ripen for a longer period—between six and eight years. In contrast, a lot of the competition waits only four years.

Another detail is that they

plant the blue agaves with some distance between them. This nurtures the agave adequately with the underground minerals, water and the sun.

After the selection they take the agaves to the production plant called La Primavera, a place where the harvesters cut the agave pineapples to yield three to four pieces. That guarantees uniform cooking of the plant.

It's important to know that the agave goes through a double distillation process on copper stills to preserve the pineapple heart. After that the liquid goes through another plant called El Charcón and is put in barrels of white oak.

The aging process depends on the type of tequila: Don Julio Reposado needs eight months, Don Julio Añejo, 18, Don Julio, 70 and Añejo Cristalino, 18 months. The next step is filtering the tequila with carbon

because this way the flavours of the cooked agaves reanimate and respect the complexity of the barrels process. Another case is Don Julio 1942, because it needs 30 months and Don Julio Real between three and five years.

With all this info in your head, we're sure you're looking forward to a taste of some excellent tequilas. We recommend you drink it straight up neat or with a couple of ice cubes, but if you want to mix it with something, a margarita is perfect. Cheers!

THE REAL DON JULIO TEQUILA

COLOUR
Golden

SMELL
Mature with citrus and agave sensations.

FLAVOUR
Vanilla and caramel. You can also taste refinements of chocolate and almond.



FINAL
Sweet flavour with white oak and vanilla impressions.

PRICE
₹14,000 approximately



THE ART OF ENJOYING COFFEE

You should indulge in these rituals to achieve the right kind of pleasure while drinking your coffee.

It's true that people drink coffee to avoid drowsiness, but others say it multitasks as an introduction to topics of conversation and is the birthplace of brilliant ideas. The scope is constantly changing. Some coffeeheads prefer their caffeine hit at a café rather than brewing a cup at home. We're talking wide spaces, comfy couches and interiors to boost your mood. Here are some rituals to make every gulp of self-brewed coffee worth just a little more.

SEPARATE YOUR BASICS!

Thou shalt never again ask for your coffee to be pre-mixed. From now on, ask your barista to serve you your coffee powder and hot water separately. Doing this will allow you to enjoy the process more and extract extra flavour from it.

BREW THE RIGHT STUFF

Consistency is the key. To get the perfect taste of coffee, you should have a standard procedure when brewing. For example, you need 20-35 seconds when brewing an espresso while pour-over or

drip brewing will take between 2.5 to 3.5 minutes.

KEEPING IT HOT & COLD

Whenever you order your coffee, don't get the barista to mix it right then and there. You need to cool the water temperature to extract maximum taste out of the coffee. When overheated, water has the ability to change the flavour of your coffee to something more bitter.

THE RIGHT RATIO

Making the perfect cup of coffee can seem troublesome,

especially when it comes to the water to coffee ratio. A good ratio is 15-18 ml of water per one gramme of coffee powder. You'll notice the taste change if you alter this measurement.

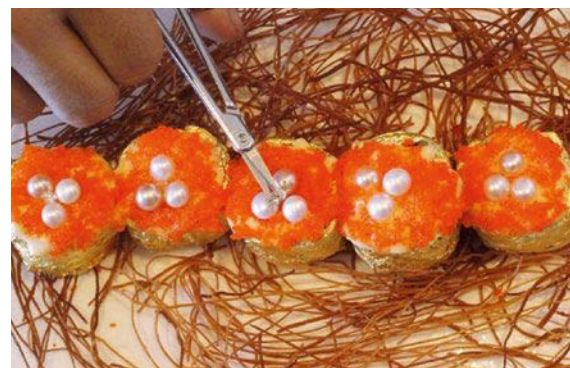
TRY SOMETHING NEW

This isn't just because you're bored with the taste, but adding other flavours to your coffee will be a new and mostly exciting experience. Don't be afraid of experimenting because you just might create the next caramel macchiato.

GARNISHED WITH OPULENCE

By **SUMAN TARAFDAR**

While gold, diamond and platinum may not be on your regular dining list, chefs around the world serve the most exclusive dining experiences using the most expensive ingredients on the planet. The proverbial forbidden fruit was perhaps the most expensive morsel humankind ever tasted. And we haven't stopped since then. Many of the following restaurants or dishes are famous for their exclusivity, exotic locations, rare foods or even unique settings—often in combination. Most are once-in-a-lifetime dining experiences, and are commercially available. Who says money can't buy exclusive foodie nirvana. Here is a quick tour of some of the highest billing tables and meals. How many of these gastronomical sins have you committed?



SUSHI DEL ORIENTE

Prepared on order

Price per plate: ₹1,40,000

Manila's Angelito Araneta Jr. a.k.a. Karat Chef is known for his flair for the golden and his skills of transforming food into unbelievable culinary wonders. His Sushi Del Oriente contains Norwegian Pink Salmon, foie gras, sea cucumber, unbleached natural crabmeat, wild saffron and chicken-truffle rouille, 12-year-old Italian Balsamic vinegar, Japanese rice, 70-year-old Virgin water, Muscovado sugar, cucumber and mango. But the culinary adventure doesn't end here, this nigiri sushi is wrapped in 24-carat gold leaf and garnished with .20 carat African diamonds!



ZILLION DOLLAR LOBSTER FRITTATA

Norma's

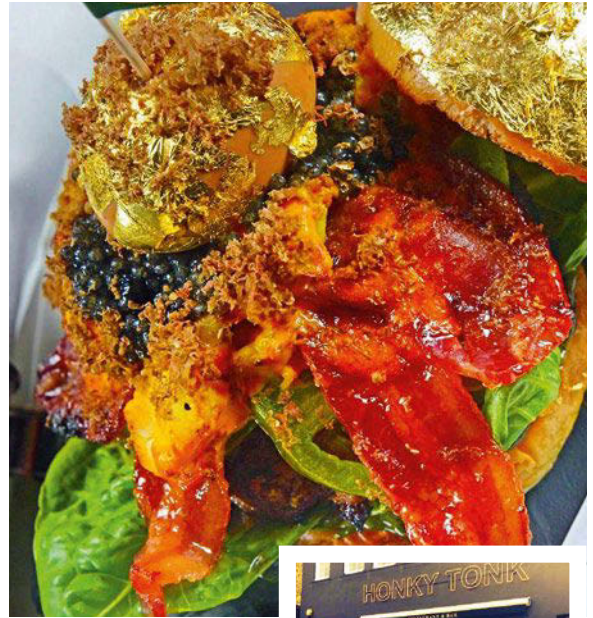
Price: ₹67,000

The Guinness Book of World Records backs its claim as the most expensive commercially available omelette. The amazing Zillion Dollar Lobster Frittata is featured on the menu at Norma's restaurant at Le Parker Meridien Hotel, New York. The frittata contains 280 gm caviar and approximately 0.45 kg lobster which is covered with egg on a bed of fried potatoes. There's cream and chives too. For those on a budget, check out the smaller, less expensive version, the 'regular frittata' that costs ₹6,700. For the deluxe version of this exotic frittata the caviar alone costs ₹40,000!



**BUDDHA JUMPS OVER
THE WALL SOUP**
Kai Mayfair
Price per serving: ₹13,500

The name may be post-modern but the antecedents of this Fujian soup lie in the 17th century Qing Dynasty in China. It is known for its rich taste, high-quality ingredients and special manner of cooking—the dish's name is an allusion to its ability to entice the veggie monks to eat this dish. It has traditionally contained shark fin, but as it is served in Kai Mayfair, that ingredient has gone missing. Well, now the world's most expensive soup has noodles to go along with the abalone, Japanese flower mushroom, sea cucumber, dried scallops, chicken, huan ham, pork and ginseng. Not to forget, there's a five days' notice for the soup.



GLAMBURGER
Honky Tonk
Price per burger: ₹1,20,000



The next time you are celebrating Chelsea's relentless march in the EPL, maybe you could rejoice in the neighbourhood with a good old burger. Think exotic or, to be precise, the Glamburger at Honky Tonk in London. At the centre of the burger is a black truffle Brie, making a 'liquid pocket'; 220 gm of Kobe wagyu beef and 60 gm of New Zealand venison are minced and the patty is seasoned with Himalayan salt served with a Canadian lobster poached in Iranian saffron. Add bacon coated with maple syrup, beluga caviar, a hickory smoked duck egg covered in gold leaf, with the bun seasoned with Japanese matcha—a type of powdered green tea—and cream mayonnaise. It is garnished, finally, with a mango and champagne jus and grated white truffle. Too tempting? Or too much?



SAMUNDARI KHAZANA
Bombay Brassiere
Price per dish: ₹2,14,000

We know seafood can get expensive. But when it's part of an Indian curry restaurant? Though hard to believe, the Samundari Khazana, literally 'seafood treasure,' could set you back by ₹2,14,000 in the restaurant's home city of London. So what goes into it? To start with, there's Devon crab, white truffle and a half tomato filled with Beluga caviar and dressed with gold leaf. Add a Scottish lobster, also coated with gold, four abalone and four shelled and hollowed quails' eggs filled with even more caviar round out the dish. Yes, there's complimentary naan if you wish.

MODUS

THE STYLISH MAN

NEW YEAR, NEW YOU

What better way to start the New Year than to adopt a new cologne? You're guaranteed to grab her interest when you walk into the room smelling distinctly different. Here are our current scent-sational favourites.

1. Mer & Mistral by L'Occitane ₹4,690

2. Boss by Hugo Boss ₹6,200

3. Cedrat by L'Occitane ₹3,860

4. White Musk Sport by The Body Shop ₹1,690



COURTYARD
Marriott

MUMBAI
INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT



NEW

Contemporary Style

HOTSPOT

Chic Decor

IN



Theme Nights

MUMBAI

6pm onwards

ARK

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MODUS *trending*



HERO **THE HAT**

Pretty much the only time of year when you can get away with a little Johnny Depp/Ranveer Singh hat inspiration without looking like a complete douche. Make full use of the opportunity, we say.

1. Gloves by Marks & Spencer ₹2,499;
2. Hat by Topman ₹1,729; 3. Hat by Topman
₹1,729; 4. Felt hat by Zara ₹1,990; 5. Gloves by
Marks & Spencer ₹2,499; 6. Wool hat by H&M
₹1,799; 7. Wide-brim felt hat by Zara ₹2,290

(From top)

1. Green by Burton
₹1,496 **2.** Dark blue
and white by Incult
₹16,953 **3.** Zigzag
by H&M ₹3,999
4. Grey knit by
Marks & Spencer
₹2,499 **5.** Brown
knit by Zara ₹3,990

SWEATER **WEATHER**

Your knits need to be chunky and the patterns and prints as bold as possible. Anything to forget that Christmas party sweater, basically.



TWIST AND TUCK

Real men wear scarves—there, we said it. A dapper accessory with so much utility, you can't go wrong with a smartly draped muffler/scarf as long as you stick to solid and neutral hues.

- 1. Chunky knit by Marks & Spencer ₹2,499
- 2. Light grey by Marks & Spencer ₹1,299
- 3. Green by United Colors of Benetton ₹1,599
- 4. Two-tone knit by Zara ₹2,890
- 5. Check print by Zara ₹1,990

Lisa Haydon



LINO PERROS

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AGENDA

MAN WITH A PLAN

BLOOD SPORT

Once a year, the men of Florence, Italy, engage in one of the most violent athletic contests ever devised.

By **ANDREW COTTO**





Players fight for possession of the ball during the final between Team Bianchi and Team Verdi.

I'M NOT SURPRISED TO SEE MAURIZIO

Bonfiglio, the 48-year-old legendary midfielder, go barreling down the side of the pitch, punch a guy in the face, kick him in the head, and get thrown out of the match less than five minutes into play. After all, the guy has TOTAL CAOS tattooed across his back, and, as far as I can tell, nobody has ever had the courage to point out the spelling mistake. But what does surprise me is how quickly the other guy—who's just been pummelled senseless by a human wrecking ball—stands up, dusts himself off, and jabs a fist into the first eye socket that comes within striking range. Or how the

Italians in the bleachers to my left and right cheer wildly when, later, another player is nearly beaten unconscious by members of the opposing team.

I've seen men fight before—in bars, in hockey, in professional wrestling—but this is different. This is war.

It's called *calcio storico* (or “historic soccer”)—a Florentine blood sport dating back to the 16th century, which every June pits four teams in a three-game tournament that's as heavy on violence as it is light on rules. Played on a 37x74-metre, sand-covered pitch in Florence's Piazza Santa Croce, calcio combines the chaos of a WWE

Royal Rumble, the brutality of MMA, the mechanics of rugby, and the pageantry of a Bible epic. Each 27-man team represents a different district in Florence: Bianchi, Verdi, Azzurri, and Rossi. Games last 50 minutes, with no breaks or substitutions. With few rules to mitigate the violence—everything short of attempted murder pretty much goes—gruesome injuries are common. A player once had his ear bitten off. Another lost a spleen. Nobody is paid. Everybody is hurt.

For an outsider experiencing calcio for the first time, the bloodthirstiness in the grandstands is as shocking as the carnage

on the field. Think football fans are rough? Throw a cow into this Italian crowd and they just might eat it raw. “The screams of the fans raise my adrenaline to the maximum,” says Rodrigue Koumngan Nana, the 6’2” Cameroon-born halfback for Team Bianchi. “But it’s very important to manage that emotion because it can be dangerous for yourself and others.”

Nana is one to talk. During this year’s calcio final—between Bianchi and Verdi—he emerged as his team’s most ruthless hit man. Like an emotionally unstable bull in a china shop, he dismantled Verdi’s defensive line, one crushing body slam at a time, allowing his teammates to maneuver over his victims to score goals. By the time the dust settled, Bianchi was victorious, though you’d be hard-pressed to find someone in the crowd who knew the final score.

To the victors go the spoils—in this case, a free steak dinner and bragging rights for a year. It may not be much, but there’s not a player in the Piazza Santa Croce who’d ask for more.



An injured player from Team Bianchi receives treatment after the final match.

“IT’S VERY IMPORTANT TO MANAGE THAT EMOTION BECAUSE IT CAN BE DANGEROUS.”

The *calcio storico fiorentino* match between Team Guelfi and Team Ghibellini during the Welcome Event at Piazza Santa Croce in Florence.



SHE SAID, HE SAID

DEAR MAXIM,
WHAT'S THE BEST
WAY TO STOP
A GIRL FROM
BROADCASTING
OUR SEX LIFE?
SHE KNOWS
I CAN SEE THIS
STUFF, RIGHT?

SHE SAID

IF YOUR LADY FRIEND IS CALLING you out by @-sign, unfriend her. Outing a hook-up buddy is taking the classic toenail-painting gossip sesh too far. You might as well do the deed in the middle of Churchgate Station at rush hour. At least someone might throw you a buck.

But if you're just talking about a harmless subtweet, let it go. Paying for the ride back to your apartment was a nice gesture, but if you want to obtain a signed and notarised NDA before you get busy, you'd better have a few Oscars on the nightstand, or at least a Moonman. Expecting a woman to give you control of her social media flow presumes a level of intimacy that you simply haven't earned. It's like trying for anal on the first date. And look on the bright side: Having your kinks cache-able till the end of time is kind of epic, IMHO.

That said, I get it. Some guys are old-fashioned. You believe in discretion. Seeing your bedroom prowess become a trending hashtag (#marathonman) kills the mood. So feel free to bring up your concerns exactly once. If she's into you, she'll curb her social media enthusiasm. But if she balks, you may be dealing with a true digital exhibitionist. Back off quickly unless you want to see the entire conversation turned into her latest tweet-storm.

If it really bothers you, unfollow, unfriend, and be prepared to get cosy with your preferred hand, since you won't be seeing any more of her in-box. And if you want to seduce a woman who's more into boning than phoning, I recommend you seek her out IRL and lay off the Tinder.

—DREW GRANT

HE SAID

SO YOU'VE BEEN #BAGGED AND #hashtagged? Get used to it! It's 2015. Social media is how your dates even know they're alive. And you're in good company. Remember when Julian Edelman's post-shag snooze wound up on Tinder? It didn't put a dent in his rushing game. So assuming that she's not actually revealing your name—or jersey number—it shouldn't matter. Like it or not, today's plugged-in young woman is thirstier for the RT than the D, and as any scientist worth his Facebook status will tell you, those little digital affirmations from our friends and followers can activate the same neurotransmitters as the most mind-blowing orgasm. Besides, while you might be a one-night thing, faves, tags, and @ replies are forever. Sad, but there it is. Your erotic adventures are just another piece of content in the data stream. Enjoy it, pal. You're tweetworthy.

But if you still can't stand your #SaggyBalls trending every Thursday night, you have some recourse. You tried asking nicely, right? No luck? Send her a message in the forum where she is most vulnerable: Twitter. If she's tweeting about you, she's probably announced her other conquests. Search through her tweet-stream and hit favourite on every post-nooky recap message. Hi there!

If she doesn't take the hint, escalate to the retweet, broadcasting her message directly to all your followers—a gentle reminder that she could easily lose control of the narrative. If the disclosures continue, move on to the retweet with commentary on top. I'd recommend something succinct but pithy: “LOL bitches be cray.”

—FOSTER KAMER

*NAME HAS BEEN CHANGED

SEX LIFE

"MY ONE-NIGHT STAND WITH AN AMATEUR BODYBUILDER BROKE MY BED AND SENT ME TO THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE." —NINA*, 26

What? How strong do you need to be to physically break someone's bed?

On a scale of one to Schwarzenegger, he was probably about a six. But I remember watching him have to turn slightly sideways to fit through a door frame. It was pretty hard not to notice him.

Where was that?

I met him at a rooftop beer bar a few summers ago. I was with some friends, and he walked over and sat right next to me and started talking like he'd been part of our group the whole time. That's never happened to me before.

Bold move.

I don't mind a bold gesture now and then, if you can back it up with

personality. Though in this case the biceps helped. He told me he worked part-time as a trainer at a gym. I'd never really been into muscular guys before—most of my boyfriends have been scrawny. Maybe I just wanted to try something new, maybe it was the three drinks he bought me. But after a while we jumped in a cab and headed back to my place.

So no trouble fitting through the door there, I gather?

Right! He was so strong, he lifted me off the ground and pinned me up against a wall in my living room while we were making out. Between that and the fact that I didn't want my roommates to walk in on us, it was a pretty convincing argument to take things into the bedroom.

The bed had no idea what was coming.

Nope, and neither did I. One thing led to another, and while he was on top of me, I guess he was grabbing my bed frame for leverage and it completely snapped. Like, right down the middle.

What did you do?

I told him to keep going!

Commitment!

Yeah, well, it was a shitty Ikea bed frame. Being in bed with someone so powerful was incredibly sexy—I didn't expect it to be such a rush. There was something about all his solid muscle that tapped into some kind of primal urge, I think. The feeling of danger, like he could hurt someone if he wanted to, definitely turned me on.

And does that translate into better sex?

Maybe not better, but it was exciting—I really responded to his predictability. There's always some playful wrestling in bed, but when he tossed me around, it was so forceful, I literally bounced off my mattress. And into the wall.

Let me guess: You still told him to keep going.

He didn't mean to do it! It was just a combination of him being so strong and me being petite. But I actually hit my head against the wall pretty hard. I woke up the next morning and it was pounding, so I used his phone to call him an Uber home. Once he was gone, I went straight to an urgent care clinic—I'm kind of a hypochondriac—but the doctor told me I was fine. I did have a decent-size bump, though.

Have you been with a guy as strong as him since?

No, but I did buy a stronger bed.

ESSAY

WHY MUSCULAR WOMEN ARE OVERPOWERING MY LIBIDO.

IT'S TIME TO MAN UP AND ADMIT IT:

We're turned on by a woman who can shove us across a bedroom. Consider the visual majesty of UFC superstar Ronda

Rousey, whose stirring Valkyrie visage is even more beautiful than the perfectly executed arm bar that vanquishes her hapless opponents. Or American Ninja Warrior's "Mighty" Kacy Catanzaro, the tiny gymnast with a rippling bod of steel who jumped and climbed her way to glory as the first woman to finish the notoriously tough obstacle course. Then there are the untold legions of distractingly toned fitness models on Instagram, whose ripped physiques recall the bodaciously buff Jen Selter far more than those bulky lady bodybuilders of yore. No question, muscular babes are enjoying an appreciation not seen since Lucy Lawless kicked ass in an armoured onesie in *Xena: Warrior Princess*—possibly why NBC is reportedly bringing back the '90s show.

"Men are definitely starting to notice strong women," confirms Catanzaro. The 5-foot, 45-kg dynamo's boyfriend (and fellow Ninja competitor) once boasted that if they had the same body mass, she'd easily be stronger than him. "I've never had an issue dating a guy who was intimidated by my strength," she says.

How did we reach this muscular moment? "As widespread acceptance of sexual fluidity becomes more common, so does the masculine desire to see women who embody strength and power," theorises sex blogger Mandy Stadtmiller, author of *Dear TMI-ary*. "I used to be self-conscious about being 6'2", but I've now noticed more men expressing desire for a warrior princess versus a princess needing a warrior to save her."

Culture is responding, too. Tom Hardy's Mad Max took a backseat to Charlize Theron's tough-as-hell Imperator Furiosa. The Superhero Industrial Complex green-lit a *Wonder Woman* movie, with talk of franchises for Black Widow and a female, Spider-Man-related superhero. In actual comic books, Thor was reincarnated as a woman last year, and her titles handily outsell dude Thor's. "It's awesome that men love strong, empowered women," says Amy Schumer, who satirises her own body-image issues on *Inside Amy Schumer*. "As someone who played volleyball and boxes now, I'm glad guys want to get busy with me—but we would do it even if they didn't."

Fair enough. But there's also an undeniably erotic fascination going on here. "An athletic woman is strong all over, if you know what I mean," enthuses fitness expert Kiana Tom. But, uh, just to be clear—what does she mean? "We can hold creative positions for hours, and have amazing endurance." Enjoy keeping up with that. You'll be sore in the morning.

—BILL SCHULZ

FOOD RULES

These ideas will help you lose weight, boost muscle and give your immunity a severely-needed kick.

EAT ONLY FOODS THAT ROT.

The more processed a food is, the more nutrients it has had stripped out to prevent it rotting, which occurs when bacteria and other organisms feed on these nutrients. The end product therefore will have a longer shelf life but a lower nutritional value. Remember that real food is alive, so it will eventually die.

AVOID FOOD PRODUCTS THAT MAKE HEALTH CLAIMS FOR THEMSELVES.

Sounds counterintuitive, right? But to carry a health claim the food must have packaging, so right off the bat it's more likely to be processed. The healthiest food in the supermarket—fresh produce—doesn't boast about how healthy it is because (a) it doesn't come packaged and (b) growers don't have the budget of big corporations.

AVOID FOOD PRODUCTS THAT CONTAIN MORE THAN FIVE INGREDIENTS.

The more ingredients in a packaged food, the more highly processed it is likely to be. Note that this doesn't apply to a recipe for a home-cooked meal, only prepackaged food products.

IF IT COMES FROM A PLANT, EAT IT. IF IT WAS MADE IN A PLANT, DON'T.

It really is as simple as that. There's a reason why all the cuisines of the world still use fresh herbs and veggie sides.

AVOID INGREDIENTS THAT ARE NOT FOUND IN YOUR CUPBOARD.

Ethoxylated diglycerides? Xanthan gum? Ammonium sulphate? You can't buy them at the greengrocer's. If you wouldn't cook with these "ingredients" yourself, why let others use them in food you're going to eat? These chemicals are used to keep food fresher for longer, and while they may or may not prove a health hazard, the simple fact that humans haven't been eating them for very long means they are best avoided.



EAT YOUR COLOURS.

The colour of many vegetables reflects the different antioxidant phytochemicals they contain, such as anthocyanins, polyphenols, flavonoids and carotenoids. Many of these chemicals help protect against chronic diseases but each does so in a different way, so the best protection comes from a diet containing as many different colours as possible.

DON'T EAT ANYTHING YOUR GREAT-GRANNY WOULDN'T RECOGNISE AS FOOD.

There are thousands of "foodish" products in supermarkets that our ancestors wouldn't recognise as food. They are processed in ways specifically designed to get us to buy and eat more by pressing our evolutionary buttons—our natural preference for sweet, salty and fatty foods. These tastes are hard to find in nature but cheap and easy in factories, which usually produce foods with low to no nutritional value.

SHOP AT THE ENDS OF THE SUPERMARKET AND NOT IN THE MIDDLE.

Most supermarkets are laid out the same way: Processed foods dominate the centre aisles, while fresh produce, meat, fish and dairy line the walls. If you stick to the edges of the store you'll wind up with real food in your basket at the checkout.

IT'S NOT FOOD IF IT'S CALLED THE SAME NAME IN EVERY LANGUAGE.

That means it is processed, and you could probably do without it.

EAT BREAKFAST.

It sparks your metabolism. Try this, McChubby: Combine an egg white and a slice of ham or turkey on a whole grain muffin. Dash with Tabasco.

EAT WHAT YOU WANT. JUST LEAVE THE TABLE A LITTLE HUNGRY.

For example, order the six-inch, not the foot-long; devour the hamburger, not the fries; inhale two slices of pizza, not four. Eat a plate of *momos*, not two *samosas*.

SKIP THE AERATED DRINK.

Avoid soft drinks and limit juice. Drink water (a lot, eight glasses a day), coffee (cream is fine), and vodka (it has fewer calories than beer)... wait, we love beer.

SNACK OFTEN.

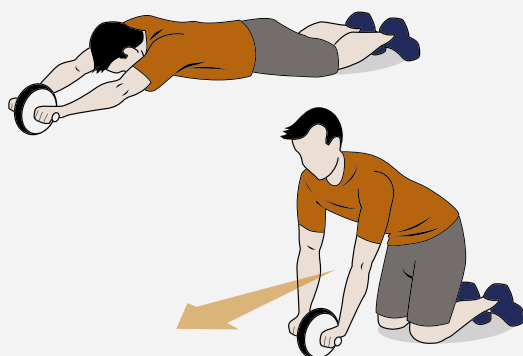
Gobble lots of nuts. (Read that however you like.) Plain almonds suck, so make protein yummy with baked or roasted almonds. After a workout, slip a nice fresh banana into your mouth. (Is it hot in here, or is it just us?) The potassium will help fight cramps. At night, drink milk: The protein-rich white stuff will make you feel full, preventing midnight binges. The Haldiram packet will understand.

FAT-BURN 101

To really lose that gut, you need to steel your core. Build this midsection superset into your routine and torch fat like butter.

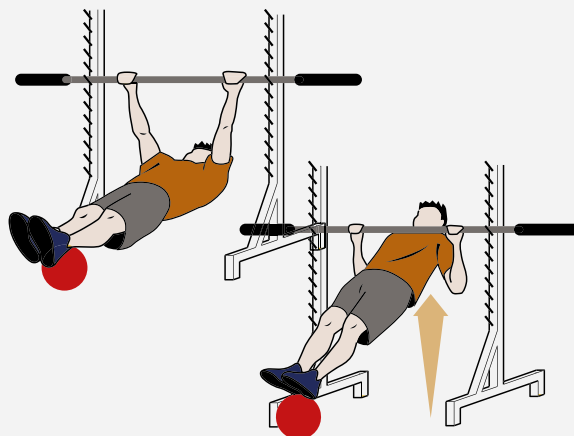
AB WHEEL

Balancing on your knees, grab the wheel with an overhand grip and roll forward, steeling those stomach muscles. Continue until you're perfectly parallel to the floor. (Be sure to keep your face down and chin tucked or you'll wrench your neck and shoulders.) Hold for a beat, weep, then roll back to starting position. Try for three sets of 10 reps. (Cue laugh track.) Good luck!



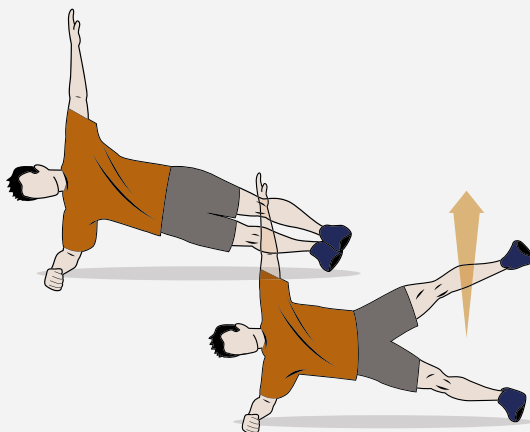
INVERTED ROW ON STABILITY BALL

Lie inside a squat rack with the bar at arm's length. Grab bar with an overhand grip as if doing a bench press. While balancing your feet on a medicine ball, pull up, leading with your chest, until your sternum touches the bar, then lower yourself down. The hurts-so-good heat should hit your bacon strips, core, and shoulders—not your arms and neck. No back arching, you wimp! Do three sets of 20 reps.



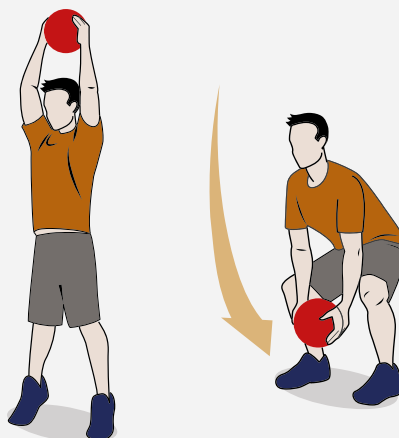
SIDE PLANK LEG RAISES

Lie on your right side, legs straight. Bracing your abs and ass, raise that tub-o'-fun body off the ground, propping yourself up on your right forearm and the side of your foot. Extend left arm toward the ceiling. While maintaining a rigid line, slowly raise your left leg past the plane of your left shoulder, then lower it. Yep. These suck. Tip: The more you squeeze the belly and butt, the better your balance. Do three sets of 20 reps on each side.



VERTICAL WOODCHOPPER

Holding a medicine ball, stand with feet slightly wider than your shoulders. Keeping your head steady, swing the ball above your dome, stretching up so you're fully extended. After you've topped out, quickly swing the ball back down and go into a squat—lead by pushing your hips back and keeping the back flat. At the bottom of the movement, the ball is below your knees, like the way you shoot free throws. Do three sets of 30 reps.





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by HEE JIN CHAE*

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SPEC CHECK

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Weight: 14.2 kg

Kilometres Per Charge: 35

Maximum Speed: 22 kmph

₹62,000; ninebot.com



* MAXIM KOREA

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SPEC CHECK

Size: 96x12.8x27.5 cm

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Weight: 6.3 kg

Kilometres Per Charge: 30

Maximum Speed: 20 kmph

₹55,000; e-go.com



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You can change its direction simply by putting more weight on your foot towards a certain direction. This futuristic product is designed to prevent speeding, short circuits, and sliding. And it's waterproof.

SPEC CHECK

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Kilometres Per Charge: 20

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MINI GOGO

No more pedalling and sweating! This scooter will speed up on its own just by moving the handle. It's also easily foldable and takes seconds to do so. It's so handy, you could take it just about anywhere—except maybe the boys' room.

SPEC CHECK

Size: 107x109x14.5 cm
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Weight: 14.5 kg

Kilometres Per Charge: 60

Maximum Speed: 35 kmph

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ULYSSE NARDIN

THE 'HANNIBAL' MINUTE REPEATER WESTMINSTER CARILLON TOURBILLON JAQUEMARTS WAS PRESENTED WORLDWIDE AS A LIMITED EDITION OF 30. THE TIMEPIECE IS CRAFTED FROM PLATINUM AND GENUINE GRANITE STRAIGHT FROM THE ALPS.

BREAK AWAY FROM THE MUNDANE

Hansaplast Rocksport Challenge Season 4 is here to take you on the adventure of a lifetime!

Looking for a weekend to escape the city's madness and indulge in sheer excitement? Well, you're in luck as Rannvijay Singh Singha and India's leading adventure education company, Rocksport, bring you Hansaplast Rocksport Challenge Season 4, India's biggest adventure race and carnival. It's the 'go to' place for families and friends to engage and connect through various activities like trail running, paintballing, rock climbing, quad biking and zorbing. Situated in the heart of the Aravalis, these activities come along with scenic beauty and serenity. Packaged with the bouquet of adventure is live music, stalls to shop from and great food. Singha, the chief architect of the race, said, "I designed this race to ensure that

people who run it are not just competing; they're learning new things, challenging their limits and, above all, having fun. Hansaplast Rocksport Challenge provides everyone with the perfect opportunity to leave behind mundane routines and reconnect with nature."

The race and other activities are open to school students, corporates and anyone who loves adventure. So Delhi, block your calendar for 16-17 January, 2016, and gear up to lose yourselves in adventure. For registration, you can visit www.rocksportchallenge.com



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OMEGA

THE OMEGA SEAMASTER 300 "SPECTRE" LIMITED EDITION IS DRIVEN BY THE HIGHLY INNOVATIVE OMEGA MASTER CO-AXIAL CALIBRE 8400. IT HAS ITS OWN UNIQUE SERIAL NUMBER ENGRAVED ON THE BACK ALONG WITH THE LOGO OF THE RECENTLY RELEASED BOND THRILLER, *SPECTRE*.



THE LEGENDS CUP™

HDFC Bank lifts Legends Cup trophy

The top four corporate teams fought hard in the Sports Illustrated–Legends Cup, but, it was HDFC Bank that beat FIS 3-1 in a one-sided final to lift the trophy. The match was played at the Plaza Farms in Chattarpur, Delhi, on Dec. 6. Apart from the winner and runners-up, the other teams that made it to the top four, after winning their respective city leg round robin games, were Willis and Maverick Solutions. It wasn't only about the top two as Willis and Maverick Solutions battled it out for the third spot, which the former won easily by three goals to nil.



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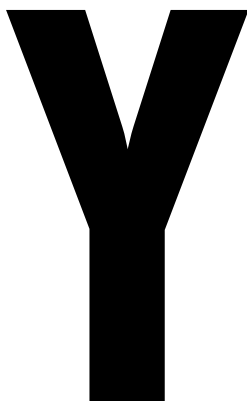
THE BELLE OF THE SOUTHERN BALL HAS HAD A DREAM RUN AT THE BOX-OFFICE. NOW, SHE HAS BOLLYWOOD SET IN HER SIGHTS AND STEELY DETERMINATION IN HER HEART.

by MEHER BAJWA

A full-page fashion photograph of a woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a black leather jacket, a black bra, and black leggings. She is leaning against a large, textured tree trunk, with her right hand resting on her head and her left hand on her hip. The background is a blurred body of water with sunlight reflecting off the surface.

Jacket by Only ₹3,695;
leggings by Calvin Klein
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₹2,976; watch by Marc
Jacobs ₹14,263; ring by
Mawi for Koovs ₹495;
shoes by BCBG Max
Azaria ₹30,398

photographs by **TORANJ KAYVON**



You had an interesting time battling the elements at the *Maxim* shoot...

It was actually pretty exhausting with all the physical hard work I had to put in—sitting on some really weird things like rocks, a tree trunk and in the middle of some hay. But then I saw the output and the result is definitely worth it.

Hard work seems to be your thing. A Punjabi girl from Delhi making films in Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Hindi. Do you find it difficult to transition?

When you know what you're getting into you're mentally prepared to face that challenge. So it wasn't like I didn't know and suddenly I landed up in the middle of all of that. It was quite difficult in the way that I had to work very hard to perfect the language and my lines. I'm not very good at cramming things, which is probably why I didn't study anything except science in school. So I would actually get my dialogues much in advance to practise and learn the lines and the language.

So now you're cool with having conversations in Tamil or Telugu?

Since I've done only four films in Tamil and almost double in Telugu, Telugu comes to me more easily than Tamil. But I can also manage to have a basic conversation in Tamil. It's not like I'll feel like I'm stranded mid-conversation.

How does one go from being a qualified engineer to acting in films?

It was actually a very drastic and unpredictable change for me. I love watching movies because I'm an Indian! But the movie industry never excited me enough for me to want to be a part of it.

While in college, I did a little modelling on the side. Then I started getting calls from the film industry—some from Hindi, some from the South. But the Hindi films were not from decent, known names—they were all very new and experimental. After getting my engineering degree, I dropped a year to give entrance exams and get into a good B-school for my MBA. The film offers I was getting from the South were from established people—they really like introducing new girls. So I decided to take them up for the sake of trying it out. That turned out to be a well-planned career move for me. My debut was with Dhanush in Tamil and in Telugu I debuted under Raghavendra Rao, the guy who made the original *Himmatwala*. My first few films did really well and that helped me break through in the industry.

Do you think acting is something that comes from within? Or is it something you can train for over a period of time?

Actually, it's a mix of the two. I feel people thought I could act convincingly at the beginning of my career because I'm a trained dancer—I've been dancing since I was six years old. So I don't really have a fear of the camera or the stage. That helped me break through the inhibitions that you initially have in front of a camera. Because I was carefree then, it wasn't that difficult for them to capture me in a natural way. That made my life easy. But slowly, yes, over time I had to learn certain acting nuances and tricks that I never knew about.

You've already achieved mega success in the Southern film industries, but do you ever feel like the commercial success of Bollywood eludes you?

I knew it was going to be slow. Commercially, my first and second movies were hits on paper. Who could ask for a better debut from someone who had no contacts and came from a non-film background? I mean, just sitting in the South I got an offer for a David Dhawan movie where the girl is at the centre of the story. People have seen my work and those who have worked with me have referred me which is probably why I've still not done that drill of making people see my films and asking for roles. My work has paved my path.

What are we seeing you in next?

Studios and producers love to announce things a certain way, so I'll let them do the talking. But, yeah, I have at least two-three

projects lined up for 2016. Actually, the one I'm starting in January I can talk about. It's a movie with Rana (Daggubati), and it's going to be made in Hindi, Tamil and Telugu simultaneously because the cast is well-known in all three languages. It's about the suspicious sinking of Pakistani submarines during the '71 war. I start that on the 4th or 5th of January. Going into another project in February and then a third one shortly after that. Trust me, all of them are worth all the waiting that I've done for the past two-three years in Bollywood. It's not difficult to get work here but it's very difficult to have the patience to choose the right script. I know, one step gone wrong and people are going to kick me out without a second chance. So I've actually been very careful with each and every step of mine, which is why I've taken my own sweet time to do movies here.

Who have you been dying to work with?

There's one director I've always looked forward to working with, no matter what language he makes the movie in, and that person is Mani Ratnam. I've always been a huge fan of his movies and I really wish one day he gives me a chance to work with him. Where actors are concerned, I've always had a huge crush on Hrithik Roshan. So I'm really looking forward to some day getting to share screen space with him. Though I think I'll probably faint if I get the chance!

When was the last time you went on a real vacation?

I go on a lot of vacations, ya. I love travelling. My last vacation was in November when I went to Hong Kong. I liked the shopping there! I'm a total beach bum. So far, of all the beach destinations I've visited I'm in love with the Maldives—that's been my favourite till now. But I'm looking forward to Bora Bora as well.

You've openly said you'll never date someone from the film industry. Who's your ideal man then?

I have a track record of falling for men who are not ideally perfect looking. But I definitely get attracted to strong personalities. I'm a huge fan of men with spines—who stand for their word. So I will definitely fall for someone I respect first. If you genuinely want to fall in love and have a long-term relationship with someone, then you need to respect that person more than you love them to make that relationship last. Otherwise, love will fizzle out after a point if there's no respect backing it.

Swimsuit by Flirtatious
₹6,500; shorts by FCUK
₹2,999; shoes by BCBG
Max Azaria ₹30,398;
ring (on left) by
Aquamarine ₹2,650;
rings (on right) by H&M
₹823 and Aquamarine
₹2,500; chain link (on
shorts) by Gucci ₹31,378



What does Taapsee Pannu do for fun?

I plan vacations every two to three months. Apart from that, like a typical Delhi girl, I love to shop. I love hanging out with my friends who are not from the industry. That makes me feel like I have a normal life as well. I'm a totally different person post pack-up on set. I've got a different group. And I love hanging out with them and doing crazy shit. Like, right now, I'm in Delhi with my friends and I'm in a totally different world and then when I go back to Mumbai it's a different world.

Symptoms of a split personality?

It is. I think all actors do, somewhere or the other. It's good to have a 'Cut!' moment in your life. Unlike people who probably live their lives pretending just because they're actors or they're always scrutinised. You need that 'cut and pack-up' moment in real life to just keep your sanity intact.

What's the most surprising thing you've learned about yourself?

That I have extreme endurance for a lot of bullshit that goes around. I never realised I had this because I've been such a short-

tempered and hyperactive person. I've passed all possible tests of patience and learned how to calm down because there's a lot of nonsense which you have to ignore. There are so many bizarre people who will come and say the randomest things to you and you just have to smile and take it because you're not supposed to respond to them in the way you normally would.

It's the start to a new year... what are your resolutions for 2016?

I'm such a bad person when it comes to keeping my resolutions! But if there's one thing I would like to change in myself, it's to stop wasting food. It might sound silly and people might not think of it immediately, but we really take certain things for granted. There are people who get no meals in a day. It's so sad. So I've decided to consciously pack anything extra and give it to people on the streets—you see so many homeless people on the streets of Mumbai.

You're on the cover of the 10th anniversary issue of *Maxim*...what does that feel like?

I never, ever imagined I could be a *Maxim* girl. I never associated the adjectives 'hot' and 'sexy' with myself. Today, when I see myself on the anniversary cover, it feels like a sense of achievement and I'm overwhelmed and quite thankful.

You've got over a million followers just on Twitter alone, and we've seen you tweet a lot. How would you react to someone saying you're addicted to social media?

I'm not addicted but, yes, I'm an opinionated person. Not for everything but for things that affect me in some way or the other. I don't shy away from raising my voice on topics that matter to me and that is pretty evident from my social media profiles. I think that's why I have the followers that I do. My social media isn't only going to tell you about my movies or what city I'm in. I want to use it as a channel to connect to my audience directly and I want them to see who I am in real life. I don't let my PR handle it. I tweet myself. I do a Q&A session every few months so that my followers know what to believe and what to ignore. ■





I have
extreme
endurance
for a lot of
bullshit that
goes around.

Playsuit ₹1,495 and crop top ₹995
by Koovs; ring (right) ₹2,800 and
ring (left) ₹2,650 by
Aquamarine; crop top by AQ/AQ



Pants by H&M;
crop top by AQ/AQ

OPPOSITE PAGE

Jacket by Gas ₹22,990;
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₹2,976; shoes by BCBG
Max Azaria ₹30,398; ring
₹599, bracelet (right)
₹445 and bracelet (left)
₹599 all by Pipa & Bella

STYLING

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HAIR AND

MAKE-UP

AMANENDRA

SIDDHU

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BIG POT

MARIJUANA IS A \$40 BILLION INDUSTRY—AND THE GUYS GEARING UP TO TURN GANJA INTO THE NEXT McDONALD’S DON’T EVEN SMOKE THE STUFF. IS THE CULTURE OF WEED ABOUT TO GO UP IN SMOKE, OR ARE WE JUST PARANOID?

By CHRIS KORNELIS



WOULD YOU LIKE SOME ALIEN ASSHAT?

It's ₹2,800 for two grams, or ₹700 for a half-gram pre-rolled joint, on the menu at a tidy little pot shop called the Seattle Cannabis Company. Also available: Super Silver Goo, Snoop's Dream, Grand Daddy Purple, and White Widow. There's a pot named God and another named Jesus. There's also Juicy Fruit and Girl Scout Cookies, varieties made by two different growers, presumably battling it out to see who can get sued first.

This is the fantasy realised by Washington State's new law, and it looks and feels exactly like pot-lovers dreamed it would. An establishment like this is born of pot culture—as if your neighbourhood dealer just put on a nicer shirt. But across town, a different vision of pot is taking shape. “This is a mainstream product consumed by mainstream Americans, and they're just looking for mainstream brands that don't insult or offend them,” says the man leading the charge, from the comfort of his conference room. “Not every name has to have ‘cana’ in it, or ‘green,’ or ‘Mary Jane.’”

You can imagine what he thinks of Alien Asshat.

Meet Brendan Kennedy, CEO of the private equity firm, Privateer Holdings. He arrives at our meeting carrying a bowl of nuts. He's been up with his nine-month-old daughter since dawn. He is, like seemingly everyone else at Privateer, an exercise enthusiast. He has completed six Ironman competitions and generally comes across as someone who isn't frivolous about what he puts into his body. Pot? “It's not a part of my life,” he says in his soft, deliberate manner. “I'm more of a have-a-beer-on-a-Friday-night guy than a cannabis guy.”

But more than anything, Kennedy is a big-money guy. This spring, he closed a \$75 million round of funding to continue building his massive, gamechanging marijuana company—including the first-ever backing raised from institutional investors, a very big deal in what wonks call an “emerging market.” He is turning pot into a legit investment, because he sees a fortune to be made when control of a \$40 billion industry moves from those who are passionate about smoking pot to those who are passionate about making money. And to accomplish this, he intends to do away with pot as you know it. No more cliché names. No more Baggies. No 4/20 jokes. He envisions beautiful packaging and branding and logos. He wants to build the Budweiser of bud, the Wheaties of weed, the McDonald's of Mary Jane—products that

are “the big, bright, shiny brands that people can point to and say, ‘That's what the end of prohibition looks like,’” he says.

Kennedy's words are carefully chosen: *Mainstream product.*

Prohibition.

Cannabis. Never pot. Latin.

He knows the language matters; as in politics, whoever controls the words controls the debate. He even hired Heckler Associates to work with him. You may be familiar with Heckler's work: It's the branding firm that named Starbucks.

Kennedy's vision represents the logical endpoint of legalisation. It was never going to be just a stoner's paradise. America doesn't play like that. America seizes a market opportunity and goes for broke. And maybe that sounds heretical—another subculture exploited, another real thing co-opted—but Kennedy has an argument for the stoners, too: “We think that the right professional brands and the right companies in this industry can be as effective as any activist,” he says. “The right brands can fuel change.”

Translated out of corporate-speak, he's saying that once pot grows into a gigantic business, it can do what gigantic businesses

do in America: influence politics. That means Big Pot could bring about “the end of prohibition” far faster than a grassroots movement. For once, the Man just might be the stoner's best friend.

In 2010, Kennedy was a straight-forward money guy. He worked in valuations at SVB Analytics, an affiliate of Silicon Valley Bank. One day he turned down a potential client in the medical-marijuana industry out of concern about associating with the drug. But a few days later, he heard a report on public radio about Proposition 19, an initiative that would have legalised certain marijuana-related activities in California. (It later failed.) He called an old business-school classmate who worked in private equity and told him to quit his job. When pot became legal, someone would make a fortune. He wanted it to be them.

When Kennedy started to pitch potential investors, many were worried about the same risks that he once was. Hedge fund managers were willing to invest their personal money, not the fund's money, and only in secret. But slowly, pot began to shed its stigma. The stock market now has pot-themed ticker symbols like MJNA (Medical Marijuana, Inc.), PHOT (GrowLife, Inc.), and HEMP (Hemp, Inc.). The publicly traded GW Pharmaceuticals is testing drugs based on compounds found in cannabis; its stock more than doubled in the past year. The medical-marijuana delivery app Eaze, which is angling to become the Uber of pot, with Snoop Dogg's Casa Verde Capital as an investor, closed a \$10 million funding round this spring. Management and consulting firms are popping up in states where pot is legal (23 plus the District of Columbia now allow medical uses, and recreational pot is legal in Colorado, Oregon, Washington, and Alaska). Viridian Capital & Research reported that its Cannabis Index, a fund invested solely in pot-related companies, gained 38.4 percent last year—better than the Nasdaq or S&P 500.

And this past January, Kennedy made the biggest news of all, announcing a multimillion-dollar investment from Founders Fund, the venture capital firm created by PayPal co-founder Peter Thiel, known for early investments in the likes of Airbnb, SpaceX, and Spotify. This was a gamechanger—the first huge, institutional firm to proudly put its name on an investment in pot. “The big question for us was, Would there be an opportunity to build a multibillion-dollar, mass-scale company that could really help to drive the end of prohibition and also build a huge

Privateer Holdings CEO Brendan

Kennedy is not a pot user, but he's about to change the industry.

Photographed here at Marley Natural headquarters in Manhattan.

Opposite page: Tilray's flowering room in its highly secure R&D facility in Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island.





business?” explains Founders Fund partner Geoff Lewis, who led the investment.

“Because we do think the end of prohibition will be a social good. For all our investments, we want to believe we’re going to help improve the world in some way.”

That’s big talk. But Kennedy is building the kind of company to back it up. Privateer is structured as a holding company; what it does is launch or acquire other businesses, all related to pot, and then connect them in symbiotic ways. Today, Privateer has three such arms.

The first is called Leafly. It’s been called the Yelp of pot and is a site for smokers to peruse reviews on specific strains, find nearby retail shops, and even search for varieties based on intended goals. (Want to “conquer social anxiety”? Leafly lists 50 strains for the job.) But behind the scenes, Leafly is actually Privateer’s data mine, helping it to build the most sophisticated, granular understanding of cannabis consumer desires in existence. If lots of people in Denver search for a specific type

of marijuana, say, Privateer can use that information to make better production, distribution, and marketing decisions. And Leafly co-founder Cy Scott says that smokers’ desires have been changing rapidly. The company has also seen a spike in users identifying as vapers, rather than smokers, and there’s been a notable uptick

**IT WAS NEVER
JUST GOING TO
BE A STONER’S
PARADISE.
AMERICA DOESN’T
PLAY LIKE THAT.**

in interest in edibles.

Privateer will use all that data to launch an actual pot brand, called Marley Natural, which will go on sale later this year. The company has yet to reveal what its packaging will look like, but Kennedy promises something polished and professional—the kind of thing that wouldn’t look out of place on the shelves of 7-Eleven. (Despite Kennedy’s dismissal of pot culture, he does pander at least this once: Yes, the “Marley” in question here is Bob Marley; the late singer’s estate has signed on to the brand. And it will be going up against the competing Willie’s Reserve, a celebrity brand launched by Willie Nelson.) As tastes evolve and are flagged by Leafly, Marley will respond with new products.

In states where pot isn’t legal, the company will sell accessories, such as pipes and containers, and topicals, i.e., cannabis- or hemp-infused lotions and creams. That way, consumers will be introduced to the brand even though they can’t gain access to its main product.



As to where this product will come from, that's the job of Privateer's third company, which has spent \$30 million renovating a facility in Nanaimo, a tiny city on Vancouver Island. To reach it from Privateer's Seattle headquarters, you can drive three hours north to Vancouver and take a two-hour ferry ride, or catch a one-hour flight on a small commercial airline that operates nine-seaters. Privateer opts for the latter. They have a tab with the airline, and executives are on a first-name basis with the pilot. They've reserved me a seat. We're going to see the pot.

Nanaimo is beautiful: Lush, green, and heavily forested. We arrive on the kind of sunny Northwest morning that residents spend the whole year pining for, and drive to a facility that looks like any other building in any other industrial park. This is the stoner's Fort Knox. There are 40,000 marijuana plants inside, worth more than \$30 million. There's a gate and barbed wire around the exterior, and a security checkpoint. Employees and visitors must wear hard-toed shoes and scan their lanyards in and out of every room. Before any plant product is discarded, it is soaked with water and covered in cat litter—lest someone outside go digging through the trash. Inside, it smells like a college party.

Welcome to Tilray, officially Privateer's medical-marijuana growing facility, built in accordance with Canada's more pot-friendly laws. Tilray does sell marijuana in Canada, under its brand name. But the ambitions here are far larger: While the federal ban is in effect in the United States, Privateer is using Tilray as its staging ground. Employees travel the world to research new strains, then study them here, where the company learns how to get the most potency out of each plant, optimises the growing and drying processes, and prepares to pounce on legal opportunities as they emerge around the world. (It declines to comment on whether it's developing its own strains.)

Half of the growing rooms replicate am, half pm, so that three shifts of workers can keep the operation humming 24 hours a day. Employees and visitors must change into fresh, disposable, full-body suits, booties, and hairnets every time they enter a room with plants. There's not a stoner in sight. Inside one of the growing rooms, Nolan Vollmer, a veteran of the war in Afghanistan, hacks down large plants of the Barbara Bud. Adam Varga, a business student at Vancouver Island University who's considering switching majors to



Tilray's lab, where cannabis is tested for microbials, mold, and a host of other potential contaminants—something your old pot dealer, who needed to move product regardless of quality control, likely never did. Opposite page: A worker inside the company's flowering room.

horticulture, is standing by a nearby scale. Looking on is Josh Eades, Tilray's tall, soft-spoken, bespectacled chief science officer, who claims to have never tried his own product. Technically speaking, because he's not a medical-marijuana patient, it would be illegal to do so. When I suggest that it sounds a lot like a winemaker who hasn't tasted his own chardonnay, Tilray CEO Greg Engel reminds me that they're making medicine.

"If you were working at a pharmaceutical company," he says, "you wouldn't be sampling your blood pressure medication."

True, but pharmaceutical companies aren't typically developing new drugs for the day they become available at your local bodega. Privateer doesn't want to just fill prescriptions; the real prize is folks who just want to get high.

Engel sticks to the party line, though. There's a lot at stake here. Tilray is eager to grow: As legalisation sweeps the country and the world, Tilray will open new facilities in friendly localities. It's critically important that everyone maintain the image of professionals working on a mainstream product. No city wants a stoner Fort Knox. But every city wants job-creating agriculture.

And Tilray will have an important business evangelist on its side: A politician, Bill McKay, the mayor of Nanaimo, who is evidence of the power of Big Pot's potential. Before Tilray moved in, the little island city was suffering from a slowdown in its timber industry and known only for a locally made chocolate wafer snack called a Nanaimo Bar. Tilray created hundreds of jobs. In April 2015, McKay and his town's economic-development team held a press conference to announce that Tilray had pumped \$48 million into the local and British Columbia economies and was on its way to becoming the region's biggest private-sector employer.

"They've got all these great names," McKay says with a laugh, referring to the silly pot names that Kennedy is targeting for extinction. "I'm waiting for a Nanaimo Gold."

That's not Big Pot's only way of appealing to a mainstream audience. With Tilray's funding, researchers at the University of British Columbia are currently studying whether marijuana helps veterans, first responders, and sexual assault victims deal with post-traumatic stress disorder. "Our investors are looking for a financial return," Kennedy says, "but they're also looking for a social return measured by ending the harms caused by prohibition."

Back in Seattle, newly legal dealers are eager to take up pot's talking points. "We don't want people getting shit-faced every night," says Josh Berman, owner of the PDA Lounge, a one-time bar that's now a medical-marijuana dispensary. "We would like it if we could smoke a little weed and live a balanced, productive life. Big money's going to help push that."

Berman heads out the back door of his shop, where there's an enclosed deck for customers to sample his products. It's 10.30 am, and managing partner Benito Ybarra is putting cream cheese on a bagel and smoking a joint. "Kosher Kush. It was blessed by a rabbi," he says. "You guys might want to at least taste it."

"I might have to," Berman says, taking a hit.

Across town, Kennedy may one day own a major portion of Berman's supply chain. With Leafly, he will be busy turning smokers into easily commodified data points. But still, two guys hanging out way before noon, enjoying a spliff without fear? Big Pot approves—after all, these guys represent an emerging market that's ripe for exploitation. Some prefer doobies, others dollars. But whatever their chosen high, it's all about the green. ■



RIDING HOT AIR

FROM ITS HUMBLE ORIGINS TO HOSTING THE PARAGLIDING WORLD CUP, WORLD-FAMOUS BIR-BILLING MARKS THE FULL TURN OF THE WHEEL FOR THE SPORT IN INDIA. *MAXIM* FLIES HIGH TO FIND OUT WHAT THE SPORT IS ALL ABOUT.

By VIVEK MUKHERJI





From the mythical Daedalus and his son, Icarus, to the modern jetman, Yves Rossy, defying gravity to soar in the sky has moved mortals and immortals alike to take leaps of faith through the dog-eared pages of history. That Icarus, trying to escape from Crete along with his father, got consumed by hubris and fell in the sea, while Rossy continues to fly across new frontiers with a jet-pack strapped to his back are two wildly different stories. But the myth and the modern marvel of technology are strung together by the same flight of fancy that motivates men and women to leap off mountain faces suspended from a flimsy nylon canopy.

AMONG THE PURISTS OF FLYING,

paragliding is as pure as it gets. There are very few more free-spirited endeavours than chasing the winds and riding thermals in the sky. And those who can appease the wind god (for travelling forward) and sun god (for generating columns of warm air that are necessary for vertical lift) fly far and high, much to the awe of mortals on the ground.

Though paragliding is predominantly dominated by Europeans, with the French in particular ruling the skies, Indians are slowly but surely warming to this finest form of aero sport. If anything else, the recently concluded AAI Paragliding World Cup—the first in South Asia—that was held in Bir and Billing in Kangra Valley of Himachal Pradesh put more wind in the sails of the sport in India.

The genesis of the sport in the country is intrinsically linked to Billing (the take-off point for paragliders perched at 3,400 metres) and Bir (the landing site). In between, hemmed by the towering giants of the Dhauladhar range in the north and the shallow and sweeping valleys in the south and west, this is one of the most picturesque destinations for flying anywhere in the world. Created by the scalpel of nature, Bir-Billing offers a flying

radius of more than 120 km in either direction, making it one of the most unique flying sites on the planet. It's a fact that is endorsed by the aces in the sport. "There aren't too many places like this in the world where you get such perfect conditions for paragliding on a good day. The high mountain ridges generate strong thermals that are ideal for gaining elevation and the shallow and wide valleys below generate very stable wind patterns that allow pilots to fly great distances in this area," says Maxime Pinot, one of the top French pilots.

Unaided flying as a sport is of more recent vintage in India. At best, its roots are just about three decades old. Among the many legends that float in the wind in these parts, the one about a solitary tea seller and two Europeans in Billing is particularly quaint.

The story goes that sometime in the early 1980s when two Britons, Neil Kinnear and Keith Nichols, wound their way to Billing with hang gliders in tow, which till then was known as a resting place for the nomadic shepherds of the Himalaya, little did they know that they were seeding the sport in the country. *Cacha*, as a tea seller is known in these mountains, offered the two foreigners shelter and food, while they leapt off the mountain faces, to soar high into the

sky. As the news of two men flying like birds spread like wildfire in the neighbouring areas, men, women and children craned their necks skywards to see what to them appeared as nothing short of a godly feat.

As time rolled on, the fame of Bir-Billing and that of the tea seller as the guardian angel of paragliders spread far and wide. The tea seller has long gone on the great hike in the mountains, but his stone and mud hut, where his nephew, Puran, still continues to ply his trade, remains as a throwback to the years gone by when flying was just another pursuit in search of the unknown.

The paragliding World Cup, hosted by the Billing Paragliding Association, provided the opportunity to the best of Indian flyers to rub shoulders with the marquee names in the sport. Some of the biggest names in the sport such as Jurij Vidic of Slovenia, the legendary Julian Wirtz of France, Torsten Siegel of Germany, Andre Rainsford of South Africa, Xevi Bonet Dalmau of Spain were among the 121 pilots who jumped off the mountain face at Billing in the first paragliding World Cup to be held in India. "Irrespective of the result, I have enjoyed every moment here. Flying over 100 km during the tasks is what we paragliders yearn for," said Wirtz.

THERE ARE VERY FEW MORE FREE-SPIRITED ENDEAVOURS THAN CHASING THE WINDS AND RIDING THERMALS IN THE SKY.

THE ZEN OF FLYING

Paragliding is perhaps the simplest form of flying. The pilot usually launches from a high point and lands on a lower piece of land, which ideally should be flat and without any obstructions.

TAKE-OFF

A pilot relies on two things in paragliding: columns of warm air rising from the valley floor called thermals, and wind. Once a pilot locates a thermal, he or she gains altitude by manoeuvring the glider in wide circles. When pilots achieve an altitude of 3,000-4,000 metres, they gain horizontal distance by using the prevailing winds. When they start losing altitude during the forward movement, they hop on to the next thermal to repeat the process.

TASK

Every morning before the take-off, the tournament director assigns a task to the competitors. A task is the flight path that pilots need to take between the take-off point and the landing site. A typical task varies between 70 and 100 km. Points are awarded for speed, accuracy and leading a pack of pilots. A maximum of 1,000 points are awarded for collecting all the way points, leading and attaining the highest speed.

ANATOMY OF A GLIDER

CANOPY/WING The canopy is made by stitching together strips made from high-performance double-layer nylon. The joints, called ribs, contain multiple cells that trap air that's rammed through the leading edge of the canopy, which inflates the canopy.

HARNESS It's the seat of the glider in which the pilot sits. The harness is attached to the canopy with the help of carabiners. The harness is equipped with multiple straps that allow the pilot to adjust the sitting posture for optimum efficiency and manoeuvrability.

LINES Rows of cords attached to the underside of the canopy that are used to control the canopy. Cords attached to the trailing edge of the chute are used for braking, while those attached to the sides are called risers that the pilot uses to manoeuvre the glider.

SPEED BAR It's a bar at the foot of the pilot that allows him to control the speed by changing the angle of the leading edge of the canopy, making it more streamlined.

NAVIGATION Competitive pilots are equipped with a number of devices such as GPS, altimeter, variometer and radio. The variometer tells the pilot the rate of ascent or descent by beeping, while the GPS helps them navigate the flight path (task) for the day.

RESERVE PARACHUTE Pilots carry a smaller parachute that they deploy for emergency landing in case the main glider collapses.

Though Indian pilots lagged behind their European counterparts, they still managed to walk away from the competition with their heads held high. "In paragliding, learning continues till the last day a pilot flies. Flying in the lead pack with the best is a very valuable learning experience. It's not that we don't have the basics in place; it's the finer aspects that make the difference in the final outcome. In this sport it's all about finesse instead of brute strength," says Ajay Kumar from Manali, who topped among the Indians by finishing the competition in 31st place.

The record books might show that one Michael Kuffer from Switzerland won his first World Cup title in Bir-Billing, but the sheer majesty of the place enthralled all, even those who featured way down on the results sheet. "Winning the World Cup is like the cherry on the cake. Obviously, I am delighted to win the first ever World Cup event to be hosted in India, but for me the beauty of the terrain, the near-perfect flying conditions that allowed us to perform long tasks and the generosity of the people in these parts are a lot more valuable memories that I am taking back from Bir-Billing," said Kuffer. ■





A close-up photograph of supermodel Emily Didonato. She is lying down, partially submerged in water, with her head resting on a dark, wet rock. Her hair is dark and wet, and her eyes are light blue. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a blurred view of water with sunlight reflecting off the surface, creating a bokeh effect. The overall tone is warm and intimate.

EMILY DIDONATO

SUPERMODEL EMILY
DIDONATO IS MAKING A
VERY BIG SPLASH.

by NATE FREEMAN





THIS PAGE
T-shirt by H&M;
sunglasses by
Ray-Ban

OPENING SPREAD
Swimsuit by Dolce
& Gabbana

ABOUT AN HOUR INTO DRINKS WITH

Emily DiDonato, I realise I saw her just the other day. Not quite like this—I mean, it's not so often that I find myself casually sitting in a restaurant with a beyond-gorgeous supermodel who regularly poses on exotic beaches for world-class fashion photographers. No, I spotted her in Manhattan's SoHo neighbourhood early one morning. There was a phalanx of young women with headsets and clipboards, guys holding giant lights, craft service tables with limp salad. They were shooting a commercial.

An assistant stopped me at a barricade as filming was about to start. Silence, and then...“Action!” In front of two giant whirring fans, the camera encircled a girl in heels who glided with magnificent speed across the cobblestones of Greene Street, her mesmerising gait never wavering, hair ruffling up so immaculately it looked like CGI. The skirt was gold and silky and swayed with her strut, swooshing back and forth like a pendulum—I mean, this girl...the way her skirt swayed could stop time itself.

And then she turned around without warning, staring at the camera and toward me, her striking eyes both classic and strangely feline.

“Yeah, that was us,” she said, sitting in front of me in a T-shirt, no make-up, sipping a glass of sauvignon blanc, kind of just shooting the shit. The restaurant was her idea: a spot near her apartment called the Little Beet Table, which, in accordance with the laws of pretty people, is completely gluten-free.

Looking to ingratiate myself, I order the crudité, because, well, models. They don't eat, right?

This model is different. In fact, she soon confides that her dinner plans include gorging herself on a massive steak.

“We're going to the Breslin,” she says. “The rib eye for two? It's amazing, this \$200 steak. It's so obnoxious, but it's my favourite thing to get.”

“Sounds decadent.”

“Yeah, that's probably why I'm not eating these...vegetables,” she says, pointing at the lame crudité with disgust. “What can I say? I love steak. It's kind of my thing.”

DiDonato is easygoing, with a pure, aw-shucks thing that works well until you realise, Yep, this is what she looks like, got it. Born in a tiny town in upstate New York, she rarely ventured into the city growing up, preferring to keep things rural. Her

father was a firefighter in the Bronx.

“I graduated from high school and then decided to do this full-time,” she says of her first stint in the city, modelling as a teenager. “I was totally by myself—it's hard to make friends here!”

I tell her I find that a little suspect. “I would just go home after work and watch TV,” she insists. “When I think about it now, I'm like, That was quite brave, coming here without knowing anyone.”

She met people soon enough, and people certainly got used to seeing her. Before she was 19, DiDonato had a campaign with Guess and a contract with Maybelline (for whom she was shooting that commercial). Soon she reached the two major peaks of the industry: She did the Pop Model Thing by booking *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit issues and stripping to her skivvies for Victoria's Secret, and she did the High-Fashion Model Thing by posing for famed photographer Mario Testino and for the cover of *French Vogue*.

“ONCE I SAW MYSELF ON THE COVER OF FRENCH VOGUE, I WAS LIKE, OK, I'M PRETTY SOLID. I'M KIND OF A BIG DEAL.”

“They check different boxes,” she says. “You're in *Sports Illustrated*, which is a men's magazine—and then you do *French Vogue* and it's respected by a totally different group of people who have never picked up *Sports Illustrated* in their life. When I first started modelling, there were a lot of rules about what you can and can't do, and then Kate Upton came along and it was like, you can do everything.”

And, indeed, she is doing everything, so why not flaunt it?

“I was shooting the editorial I wanted to work with, and I was like, Wow, all that paid off,” she says. “Once I saw myself on the cover of *French Vogue*, I was like, OK, I'm pretty solid. I'm kind of a big deal.”

DiDonato has lived in downtown Manhattan for a while now, having first moved to a tiny studio in SoHo and then to her current digs, in Gramercy Park. Somehow, despite workdays where hours can be spent just getting her make-up done, and a travel schedule that would make a deputy secretary of state look like a slacker, she manages to have hobbies. Emily DiDonato makes art, cooks, does yoga, and surfs in Costa Rica.

“When I have the day off, I like to structure it—I love to paint, you know, things like that...”

“You should have a gallery show,” I suggest.

“Fuck, Nate, if I had a picture of my last one, you would be so impressed,” she says. “I painted Montauk!”

“You know, all the great artists used to live in Montauk.”

“No one even believes that I did it. Took me, like, six hours. Watercolours, man; it's not easy.”

She also goes out on auditions—that's right, she wants to move into acting à la Cara Delevingne.

“I would definitely want to try,” she says. “But I wouldn't want to be, like, a mega movie star.”

Why would she? What's fascinating about modelling is that in addition to looking fabulous for a living, you have this ideal type of fame: You can be omnipresent but still exist in the world as a normal person. You can be in the pages of all the magazines but not have people stop you on the street.

“Modelling is awesome in that sense,” she says, “because financially, it's great, and you do have a level of ‘fame,’ you can call it. But it's not like I can't walk out my door. Plus, they make us look entirely different for the billboard, so by the time you see us like this”—she makes a gesture at herself, as if to say, Ugh, I look terrible—“you don't even recognise us. But I'm not just any old joe.”

And any old joe wouldn't turn heads the way DiDonato does when we exit the Little Beet Table and say our goodbyes—she to devour \$100 worth of aged beef, I to supplement my crudités with a slice of greasy pizza.

Everyone is looking. They probably don't know that her name is Emily DiDonato, but you can see them whispering, “Who is that girl?” It's only a matter of time before they all find out. ■

Swimsuit by
American Apparel





Swimsuit by
Orlebar Brown





STYLING
WAYNE GROSS
MAKE-UP
MISHA SHAHZADA AT
SEE MANAGEMENT
HAIR
KAYLA MICHELE AT
STREETERS

A tropical beach scene with palm trees and turquoise water. The foreground shows a sandy beach with gentle waves washing onto it. To the left, a dense line of tropical vegetation, including several tall palm trees, frames the scene. The sky is a vibrant blue with scattered white clouds. The water transitions from a shallow, clear turquoise near the shore to a deeper blue further out. The overall atmosphere is serene and idyllic.

MAROONED

By JOE KEOHANE

I'm perched on the edge of a simple thatched-roof shelter on the remote Indonesian island of Siroktabe, staring down an immaculate white beach as the sun dips westward into the Indian Ocean, shocking the sky a glorious orange-pink. I feel good. Great, in fact. I am the only human being for miles. I am supposedly here to be tested, to survive. But here, now, surrounded by the Earth's rich bounty, I think: *This isn't surviving. This is living.*

BACK UP A COUPLE OF WEEKS. THERE IS A small company in Hong Kong, Docastaway, that specialises in dropping people on desert islands in Asia, Oceania, or Central America to survive by their own wits for as long as they want to, or can bear it. (They also offer "comfort" packages, featuring all of the seclusion and none, or at least far less, of the hardship.) *Maxim* thought I might like to give it a shot. Why me? Because I have essentially no survival skills whatsoever. That is, unless you count a ninja-like ability to ride 16 stops in a packed A train without physically touching another human. I'm a creature of the city. On the whole, nature in the raw holds little appeal for me. I just don't really know what to do with it. I'm also a profoundly pale man, paler than the ass of an Irish ghost in January. And a ginger. My brother once said I look like a marshmallow topped with carrot shavings. Which means that in addition to my issues with nature, I also hate the beach. And seafood.

Still, the idea of coming here was

appealing, as I'd imagine it would be to all men. Most of us suspect, and a few know with certainty, that if the shit really came down, we'd be able to summon some dormant primordial power, some untapped cunning and resourcefulness and grit, and conquer the situation, whatever it was. We'd show what we're really made of. We'd tap into a vestigial wildness. We'd survive.

But would we?

WHEN I ASKED FOR SOME BASIC SURVIVAL TIPS, THE TRAVEL COMPANY'S CO-FOUNDER SAID IT WAS BEST THAT I SUFFER. "OTHERWISE IT'S A VACATION."

The plan was this: I would travel from New York to Dubai to Jakarta and then take two more planes, followed by a car ride to a small fishing village, where I'd hand over a

brick of Indonesian cash to pay for the experience, and then be ferried, finally, to a location I am contractually prohibited from revealing. (Docastaway generally rents publicly owned but little-known islands from governments, navies, or locals, and doesn't want to broadcast their locations to the world. It calls this island Siroktabe, not its real name.) Once there, I'd stay three full days, with minimal equipment: a speargun,

a canoe, a machete. My contact at the company, co-founder Alvaro Cerezo, stressed that this was meant to replicate an authentic experience. "A castaway don't know nothing," he said. "You know nothing. You need to eat. You need to drink."

When I asked for some very basic survival tips, he hesitated. It's best that I suffer, he said: "Otherwise it's a vacation."

Seems reasonable, I thought. I may

have been inordinately excited about the speargun.

On the appointed day, off I went, hauling a bag containing some borrowed outdoor clothes and a stupid-looking hat, sunscreen, industrial insect repellent, a flashlight, and malaria pills. I was nervous but confident. How bad could it really be? There were banana trees, I was told. If the fishing was bad, or the coconuts scarce, I'd just eat the bananas. Problem solved. Besides, it's three days. Anything's tolerable for three days.

From our boat, Siroktabe looms across the water. Bigger than I'd expected. Quite big, actually, with a narrow ribbon of beach surrounding a dense jungle that soars to a mountain peak in the centre, and heaps of black volcanic boulders at either end. Even from afar, this place is spectacularly beautiful.

The boat edges up to the island, and we hop off into the shallow water. My guide gives me the rundown, showing me the simple thatched-roof shelter that will be my home, and points out a pot, a pan, and a gas-powered camp stove. Slightly annoyed, I resolve not to use the stove. I didn't come here to be pampered. Otherwise, how will I know what I'm made of? But OK. He tells me about the great swarms of bats that come out around sunset. The pythons that make the island home. Demonstrates the speargun. Before he leaves, he leads me to a patch where I can dig up cassava, a root vegetable found via its marijuana-looking leaves. He reaches down, pops one out of the soft, abiding earth, a nice fat one, and hands it to me. There are also almonds around, he says, pointing at one. You just have to dig them out of their thick pods with a knife. And so I don't die, he leaves me a few large bottles of water.

And then he's off. He will be on the next island over. If I get into trouble, there's a cell phone and a walkie-talkie I can contact him with. "Good luck," he says. "I'll see you in a few days."

I walk back to the shelter. I notice an ant on my camera and flick it off.

The place is textbook paradise, verging on cliché. And hot. I've been here for 30 minutes and I'm already pouring sweat.

I'm also pretty hungry. By this point I've been travelling for nearly two full days and I'm running on just a couple hours of sleep, courtesy of some strange windowless hotel room at the airport in Jakarta with lights I couldn't turn off. I haven't eaten a proper meal in about 14 hours, save for some crackers I bought on a regional airline. (One of the ingredients: "shredded beef flavour.")

But the crackers are long gone. Here you eat what you kill. So let's start killing! I pick up the speargun, load it, cock it, aim it at a downed tree on the beach, and pull the trigger. The line attached to the spear catches my middle finger and tears off a few layers of skin, a wound that will seep pus for three days. You win this time, tree!

Clearly I need a plan, but it's hard to hatch one when you have no idea what you're doing or how nature works. Do I fish? Harvest? Hunt and gather? Where is the food exactly? And where are those bananas? I retire to my shelter to think. I stretch out my legs.

When I awake several hours later, it's almost dark. At 5.30 pm. Already? I hop up and begin walking along the edge of the jungle. No bananas. No coconuts. A few almonds. I come back to the shelter, try to start a fire with a lighter, some driftwood, and notebook paper, and fail. It's damp and windy, and nothing will catch. Without fire there is no boiling—and I'm not using that stove—so I end up gnawing down half that raw cassava in darkness. It's not bad! Plus, all this chewing is probably strengthening my jaws. That could prove useful in the coming days, should I awaken with a python on my face.

What do castaways do at night? Think? Sleep? Cry? I decide to crack a book. I've long meant to read *Robinson Crusoe*, so I bought a copy before I left. I figure Daniel Defoe's would-be lawyer turned adventurer will make for good company. Just a couple of pampered city guys having a go at it in the wild. But I quickly discover *Crusoe* has a few advantages that I don't. Guns, for instance. Powder. And, wait, so the guy just winds up on the island, immediately finds water, climbs a fir tree, and has the best sleep of his life? Not exactly an "authentic castaway experience."

After a while, my flashlight starts to make the bugs go crazy, so I just lie down and listen to the waves and the rising chaos of the jungle as it gets down to the evening's business. The sky is clear. Nice breeze. I see a shooting star. Don't know if I've ever seen one of those before. My thoughts spool out and go where they wish. A rare treat, only possible off the grid. Such a beautiful place. In time, I drift off.

I wake up at 4.40 am, having forgotten where I am. It's still dark. The wind is stronger and the waves are slashing away at the shore. I read a little more *Crusoe*. He finds some goats, kills them and butchers them. Just like that. If I tried that, I'd look like fucking Carrie after the prom. That is, if the goat didn't kill me first. I start to skim.

The sun comes up at around 5.45. To my





Going the Distance

Five ridiculously remote, deeply inconvenient getaways that are as far off the beaten path as you can get.

1. The Westfjords *Iceland*

Tourists have been flocking to Iceland in droves, but the Westfjords region remains its last frontier. Granted, its isolation is partly due to its treacherous roads, ferocious Arctic storms, and deadly avalanches. Even many Icelanders think of the Westfjords as an impossibly brutal and far-off place, the mythical home of Vikings like Thorgeir, who, in the medieval Sagas, killed innocent shepherds just for kicks. Lately, more and more adventure-minded types, including actors (Alexander Skarsgård), artists (Elizabeth Peyton), and reportedly moguls (Paul Allen), have been making their way here to hike the wildflower-strewn backcountry and take part in the primary pastime: existential contemplation.

— *Christopher Bagley*
Get there: Hop a 45-minute flight from Reykjavik to Ísafjörður.

2. Deception Island *Antarctica*

It sounds like the fortress of a comic book supervillain. An active volcano in the South Shetland Islands, this former whaling hub has no full-time population but regularly hosts scientific researchers. The downside? Volcanologists classify it as a “restless caldera with a significant

volcanic risk.” We’ll take our chances.

— *Gabriella Paiella*

Get there: Fly to Buenos Aires or Santiago, Chile, take a plane to Ushuaia, Argentina, and board a cruise ship to Antarctica.

3. The Thorofare *Wyoming*

The remote patch of Yellowstone is the farthest you can get off-road in the contiguous United States: 31 miles in a straight line from any byway. The massive meadow was once a major route for 19th-century trappers. Now it’s teeming with elk, wolves, fat native trout, and one of the largest concentrations of grizzly bears in the Lower 48. The trip requires an eight-day, 68-mile hike and the know-how to survive if things get ugly. And sometimes they do—a grizzly mauled a longtime outfitter here in 2002. The intrepid hiker, however, is rewarded with a sky flooded with stars and all-engulfing quiet, broken only by the occasional howl of a wolf.

— *Doug Schnitzspahn*

Get there: Fly to Cody, Wyoming, and drive to the Nine Mile Trailhead. From there, it’s a 31-mile hike to the patrol cabin.

4. Tristan da Cunha

“People imagine that we wear grass skirts,” says postmistress Iris Green, one of only 269 residents on Tristan da

Cunha, the world’s most remote inhabited island. “But once they see that we’re civilized, they wonder why we’d want to live here.” Simple. Tristan, an island 1,750 miles west of South Africa, is gorgeous. There’s little more to do on Tristan than hike the 6,760-foot-high volcano and quaff beers in the local bar, the Albatross. And that, of course, is the point.

— *Andy Isaacson*

Get there: In Cape Town, board one of nine scheduled ships making the weeklong journey to Tristan each year. Permission to visit must be approved by Tristan’s Island Council.

5. Grootberg Lodge *Namibia*

Tucked between South Africa, Botswana, and Angola, Namibia is one of Africa’s least populated nations—unless you count the baboons, antelopes, and zebras, and the world’s largest free-roaming black rhino and cheetah populations. Located on a 4x4-only dirt drive, Grootberg Lodge has 16 private, solar-powered thatch-and-rock chalets, attracting just a handful of bold travellers. From \$155; grootberg.com.

— *Berne Broudy*

Get there: Fly to Windhoek, Namibia’s capital. Drive nine hours, the last third on dirt roads.

relief, I'm actually not feeling completely ravenous. A good sign! The body adapting naturally to its new circumstances. What I'm made of is emerging. I polish off the cassava and eat an almond and a malaria pill. I open my toothbrush case, and there's a big ant inside. Not sure how he got in there or what he wants. Off you go.

Teeth brushed, corpus freshly sheep-dipped in sunscreen and bug repellent, I set out for food, walking the length of the long beach in search of cassava leaves, bananas, and coconuts. Jesus, what a beautiful place. Paradise! But also with the sort of absolute indifference that so often accompanies great beauty. Hmm. I find one coconut, a brown one, and some hard spiky green thing that I gingerly pull off a tree thinking it looks like something I saw in a Chinatown market once. After a dozen machete blows, the coconut duly surrenders its sweet juice. Unfortunately, it also surrenders an alarming number of small beetles and worms that had been living inside it. I recoil and throw it into the jungle. The green thing is also a bust. Hard as a baseball, thorny, inedible.

I spot some decent-size crabs, but they're fast. And some hermit crabs, nature's little slapstick comedians, countering danger and fear with pratfalls, tumbling off logs, or tipping over anytime anything comes near. I admire their preposterously unconvincing nonchalance whenever they get spooked. Nothing to see here; just a shell falling off a log! It frankly delights me. I've put them on a do-not-kill list for the moment. I like to think they register my lack of ill will, but most likely they just think I'm an asshole.

Goddamn, it's hot. And it kind of smells here in the shelter. Like black pepper, oranges, and gasoline. Wonder what that is. For the next few hours, I traverse the beach and occasionally hack my way into the jungle. I spot three banana plants about 25 metres in, but as I make my way through the brush, watching my feet for hidden dangers, I nearly walk face-first into the web of an evil-looking black-and-yellow spider. It has sewn x's into its web, presumably denoting its victims. In the days ahead, I will see its sinister ilk all over the island and in my dreams. No bananas, though.

I spend the rest of the afternoon foraging. I trek through the jungle toward a towering coconut tree, but there are no coconuts on the ground and I can't climb the trunk. I find a couple more almonds, a large, rectangular, green pod-looking thing, and what I hope is a viable coconut. Back at the base I get the almonds open with the

knife and eat them. Then I go after the coconut. I hit it a dozen times, two dozen times, harder and harder, but all the blows ultimately do is reveal some strange greasy, matted brown hair inside, mingled with fragments of spoiled greenish coconut meat. It looks like I beat a Halloween witch to death with a hammer. I tear all the hair out with the serrated edge of the machete and spread it onto the beach, leaving it to dry in the sun, hoping I can burn it later. The pod thing yields four strange pearlescent beans. Each looks like the human vagina as interpreted by H.R. Giger. I taste a bit of one to see if it will make me sick. It tastes like nothing. Maybe a bit like celery. I don't get sick. I eat two and set two aside.

With the sun sinking and the wind picking up, I head back to the shelter. There is a Jonestown of dead ants on the mattress. I pick one up and eat it. It's a little bitter. I try to make a fire, this time with the witch hair and some good-looking dried-out timber I found on the beach. No go.

AFTER A DOZEN MACHETE BLOWS, THE COCONUT SURRENDERS ITS JUICE-ALONG WITH NUMEROUS BEETLES AND WORMS.



From top: The author digs a raw almond from its protective pod; a view of the ocean from the thatched-roof shelter that will be his home for three days.

I take a swim to cool off and attempt to wring some pleasure from the experience. It works, and I return to shore before dark. Clouds engulf the landmass in the distance, and for a while I can't even make out the horizon. When the rain finally arrives, it comes in hard, each drop hitting the shelter like a ball thwacking a catcher's mitt. I fold myself into the one spot not getting pelted. This storm is like the end of the world. It's exciting. If I had a beer and weren't beginning to fret about the hopeless lack of food, it would be heaven.

I start to think. Why do we do things like this to ourselves? Probably no man is immune to the odd pang of guilt about being so utterly dependent on modern civilisation, that inane and emasculating matrix, so detached from whatever being a man meant a century or two ago. We hope it's simply the cushy circumstances of our daily lives, and not a general lack of grit or character, that keeps us from achieving a more rugged, self-determining kind of manliness. We just need to prove it.

But as I lie here, it occurs to me that the premise is all wrong. We don't need to prove it. Or at least I don't. Our heroic forefathers, the generations of gritty survivors, were no more eager to feel

discomfort than we are—they simply lived in a harsher world, raised by those who survived it long enough to pass along a few crucial skills. They warred against discomfort. In fact, the whole arc of human progress is about warring against discomfort. And by that rationale, to actively court it is to spit in the eye of our ancestors. John Adams said he studied politics and war so his sons would be free to study math and philosophy, which would give their kids "a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry, and porcelain."

Advance the cause of liberty a few more generations and you get Netflix binges and selfie sticks and the cheeseburger they serve at this place near my apartment. I always order it with a Manhattan when I go there with my wife. This is one of the great unheralded combinations in all of food, by the way. People used to think cocktails were low and vulgar, but now some people think they're too fussy and rarefied. Like jazz, come to think of it. But put a Manhattan with a burger and the Manhattan elevates the burger, and the burger humbles the Manhattan, and they both—wait, my wife! Did I tell her there'd be pythons? I did not.

How could I not? Sorry, love.

I am the island's now. I fall asleep.

At 5.30 am I wake up and pop a malaria pill. Are there any calories in malaria pills? The label says, "Take with food. May cause dizziness." Way ahead of you there, buddy. I've never been this hungry before. Nothing of any substance in about 55 hours. Usually, when you're hungry, you just feel it in your stomach. But at this point it's a full body state: fuzzy, a bit delirious, a little euphoric, actually—at least when I'm not laboriously trudging through the sand like a sad and dying Charlie Brown.

I'm told the fishing is best in the morning and just before sundown, so I head out. About 50 yards from the beach stands a coral reef, which becomes denser and more vibrant the farther out you go, eventually leading to a steep shelf that plunges vertiginously into the black deep. The big fish, I assume, lie beyond, but the closer I get to the shelf the more I feel the powerful current sucking me out to sea. I decide to be careful, wary of pitting my dog paddle against a pitiless sea on negative calories.

Earlier, at home, a friend asked me if I had even the slightest idea how hard spearfishing is. I told him I just assumed that the fish obligingly sidles up beside you and bats its eyelashes as you blow some cold steel through its chest cavity. In the shallows, the fish are small and pretty, rendering the speargun and myself ridiculous. If I do manage to hit one, all that will be left is a fluorescent-purple smoke ring. I hold fire.

Back to the jungle. I hack in. See a coconut tree. Shake a coconut tree. Nothing. Back to the beach. Try fire again. No fire. Why is there no fire? Have I started a fire before? Does a Duraflame log count? My stomach pipes up. If you won't feed me, I will start eating you. Hot. I shoo away an ant. Dumb. Why waste the energy? This place still smells. It's worse, actually. Oh, wait. The smell is me. I take a nice brown piss.

Finally, I just say, "Fuck it" and start eating leaves. There are some near my shelter that look vaguely not poisonous. I take a bite of one. It's OK. Peppery, fragrant. Huh. Actually kind of delicious. But then my stomach begins to recoil. These leaves are kind of oily, cloying. And what's this milky stuff coming out of them? I can hardly get them down. I finally cave and try to get the little propane stove going, hoping to boil them, but I can't even get that to work. Christ! The leaves aren't helping.

So hungry.

Ants again. I should just let them do



From top: A speargun can be great if you know how to use it, but leaves are not an ideal replacement for toilet paper.

ANTS AGAIN! GIVE IT A DAY, BOYS, AND YOU CAN DANCE ACROSS MY DEAD EYEBALLS AS I'M SUNG BACK HOME IN THE ARMS OF A PYTHON.

what they want. Give it a day, boys, and you can dance across my dead eyeballs as I'm sung back home in the arms of a python. Do pythons have arms? Am I folding? What day is this? Machetes are good for burying human feces, but leaves make poor toilet paper. Need something with texture. Ripped-out last page of *Crusoe* does the job.

Is this all bullshit? Coming here to survive? Handing off a brick of rupiah to a guy in front of mystified villagers in order that I might live worse-off than they do for a short time?

I am spectacularly unfit for this.

I don't seem to be made of anything.

But wait, I am made of something. I do have a survival skill, the one city dwellers have had since time immemorial, employed any time they find themselves in a situation they can't handle. It's known as calling a guy. I have a guy! I swallow my pride. I pick up the phone. I text the guide on the neighbouring island. "I need food," I write. "And coconuts too if you have any over there."

Within seconds, my phone buzzes with his reply: "Coming sir."

Shortly thereafter, my guide arrives, accompanied by a fisherman, and starts the fire with a big hunk of Styrofoam. It takes him two tries. (Not so easy, is it?) He has brought three freshly caught fish, "traveller fish," he calls them. The fisherman, who is also eager to help with the coconut situation, leads us into the jungle. We hop *Frogger*-like across floating, rolling logs in a creek of black standing water, through deep mud and patches of razor-sharp jungle plants that draw blood. The guy plunges forward into the brush, then calls back to us to stop. He says the ants are bad up ahead.

When he returns, it's with an armful of young coconuts. The good ones, with the sweet, delicious water inside. Back at camp, the guide shows me how to open them with the machete. Hack off the end. Drink. Glorious, fizzy. Then use the cleaned-up, hacked-off bit of husk as a spoon to dig out the meat. The fish is grilled and served sweet and perfectly charred on a banana leaf.

As I eat, I tell the guide how quickly fucked I became. He tells me most people train before doing this. But these are the "survivors," he says. "You are not survivor. You are journalist." I know he doesn't mean it like that, but it still goes into the hall of fame of shit people have said to me. I laugh. I eat, drink, relax. A storm is rolling in. They leave in the boat with a wave.

Getting dark now. Such a beautiful place.

What am I made of? I know now. I am made of a helpless reliance on, and I'd argue mastery of, the trappings of civilisation. The survivalist may scoff, but I'd argue it's far more useful to be good at navigating civilisation than to know how to catch a fish. For thousands of years, men have fought and died to create and defend and advance civilisation. I'm willing to bet that what they've made is pretty durable, held aloft by those of us willing to work like hell to afford a small amount of personal space, a measure of comfort and safety. I do it gladly.

Anyway, that's what I'm thinking as I wade through the aqua shallows and climb onto the boat that will take me to the car, that will take me to a plane, and then to another plane, and another, and still another, across time zones, and finally to a bad-smelling taxi that will, at 8.30 am on a rainy Monday in New York City, take me back to paradise. ■

MAXIM

THE COVERGIRL CONTINUUM

Over the past decade, Maxim's Covergirls have defined pop culture's boldest and often controversial outlooks. We spoke to four women who have been integral to the Covergirl phenom since 2006. Between them, these ladies have scored 10 covers.



The search for a *Maxim* Covergirl begins with one simple idea: identifying the women who have taken our world by storm with their attitude and their hotness. Back in 2006, this wasn't as simple as it sounds. It never is. And it never will be. Being a *Maxim* Covergirl is as much a 'responsibility' as an honour for the lady, because it stands as a badge—a testament, if you will—of her belief in the freedom of choice. It is a badge of her undeniable attitude. A badge of hotness. And, most important, the ultimate badge of her popularity among the most frank, most progressive and best humoured consumers on Earth.

We met up with Neha Dhupia, Soha Ali Khan, Amy Jackson and Esha Gupta, all of whom have been responsible for some seriously hot and path-breaking *Maxim* covers, to ask them about the experience, the outcome and the very idea of what it took and what it meant to front the country's most dynamic and best-read men's magazine.



NEHA DHUPIA

Four-time *Maxim* Covergirl, whose 2012 cover remains one of our most iconic.



2012 Jatin Kampani



2007 Darren Centofanti



2010 Darren Centofanti



2015 Abhay Singh

We're 10 years old now! What's your wish for us?

All I'd like to say is that I've been on four of your covers and hopefully we can complete our 10 covers before I retire!

How do you think you've changed as a person in the past 10 years?

I've become more comfortable with the person I am. I'm not trying to be somebody I'm not. My benchmarks for perfection and what's right and wrong are not what other people think—it's how I feel about myself. So I'm focusing more on myself instead of focusing on what other people expect out of me. I've been cooler and I'm more self-assured than I was 10 years ago.

At age 10, what did you want to be when you grew up?

A spy. I was very nosey all the time so I thought the best thing for me to do was become a spy.

How would you score shooting for Maxim on a scale of 1-10?

I think it's a perfect 10—it's super easy and there's no clothes!

List 10 things that make you feel sexy.

- A tan.
- Good music—strangely.
- A flat stomach.
- Crisp white shirts.
- High heels.
- When I smell good.
- Chocolate.
- Smokey eyes.
- A bad hair day.
- Men.

Who were you in love with at age 10?

I don't really remember but I think I had a crush on Remington Steele. Not Pierce Brosnan, though.

What advice would you like to give your 10-year-old self?

I was in the fifth standard! I wish I'd paid more attention to sports and not paid that much attention to studies. Being an athlete would have been the coolest thing ever.

What do you like the most about Maxim?

The fact that every time I shoot with *Maxim* you guys make me look extremely sexy, even when I don't think I'm sexy.



SOHA ALI KHAN

Two-time *Maxim* Covergirl, whose 2008 cover is one of *Maxim*'s bestselling.

We're 10 years old now! What's your wish for us?
Happy birthday! As you enter double digits I wish you double circulation, double profit and double readership.

At age 10, what did you want to be when you grew up?
I wanted to be a detective—I was a *Remington Steele* fan—I wanted to solve neighbourhood crime but, given that we lived opposite the defence ministry, this ambition of mine was quickly thwarted and I was enrolled in kathak and piano classes.

How would you score shooting for Maxim on a scale of 1-10?
It was terrifying—I usually prefer moving images to still ones because I find a still image reveals too much and when it's for *Maxim* even more so! But because the team, including the photographer, Abhay, made me feel so comfortable I would rate the shoot a 7!

Tell us 10 things that make you feel sexy.
This is not in order of priority!
Yoga.
Scented oils.
Tousled, voluminous hair.
White musk fragrances.
High heels.
Pencil skirts.
Red lipstick.
Silk stockings.
Leonard Cohen songs.
Looking into my husband's eyes.

Who were you in love with at age 10?
Pierce Brosnan from *Remington Steele*. Also, there was Timothy something in Class V—I don't know if it was love but I felt sick every time he spoke to me.

What advice would you like to give your 10-year-old self?
Don't trip over Barko, the dog, and fall on your face, almost breaking your buck teeth because then they'll insist you get braces and you'll look too old to play the kid in Mira Nair's film.

If you could spend 10 minutes with anyone in the world, who would it be and why?
Radiohead's Thom Yorke—I have always wanted to ask him what's wrong. What's with all the depressing lyrics?



2008 Darren Centofanti



2015 Abhay Singh



AMY JACKSON

Two-time *Maxim* Covergirl, both of whose covers have sold as well in the North as the South.



2015 Abhay Singh



2012 Colstan Julian

We're 10 years old now! What's your wish for us?

That the next 10 years are even hotter than the past!

How do you think you've changed as a person in the past 10 years?

Well, 10 years ago I was 13, and I can definitely say I've changed a lot. A couple of years ago I had this realisation: I'll only get one life and I need to live it for me. I've never been happier!

At age 10, what did you want to be when you grew up?

I wanted to follow in my mum's footsteps and become a horse riding instructor. I wanted to live in Vienna and train with the Andalusian stallions.

How would you score shooting for Maxim on a scale of 1-10?

Off the scale! It's one of my favourite shoots to date.

List 10 things that make you feel sexy.

A sun-kissed tan.
Wearing my guy's T-shirt.
A spritz of my favourite perfume on my neck.
Running in the outdoors.
Lace.
Slow dancing to Lana Del Rey.
Laughing.
A ruby red lipstick.
Driving my car fast.
A killer pair of heels.

Who were you in love with at age 10?

My pony, Freddie.

What advice would you like to give your 10-year-old self?

Take the good things with the bad...And you'll look back on it all in 10 years' time and be proud of the adventure you've begun.

If you could spend 10 minutes with anyone in the world, who would it be and why?

Oprah Winfrey. I'm reading her book at the moment, and she has an amazing story to tell. I can pick the book up and read any line and it will be so positive and motivating that it changes my whole mood. I love people like that. I love great energy.



ESHA GUPTA

Two-time *Maxim* Covergirl, whose 2012 shoot forced us to completely change our cover format.

We're 10 years old now! What's your wish for us?
Keep getting hotter each year. Maximise *Maxim*.

How do you think you've changed as a person in the past 10 years?
Well, I'm paying my own bills now.

At age 10, what did you want to be when you grew up?
A chef.

How would you score shooting for Maxim on a scale of 1-10?
11...I'm totally modest you see (laughs).

List 10 things that make you feel sexy.

- A good hair day.
- A great workout.
- A beautiful mind.
- Wittiness.
- Gucci Flora—the fragrance.
- High heels.
- Wine.
- Knowledge.
- Compliments.
- Being on the cover of *Maxim*.

Were you in love with anyone at age 10?
Yes, and I still am in love with my mom.

What advice would you like to give your 10-year-old self?
Be glad you don't have wi-fi and cellphones, and realise that the outdoors is actually fun.

Name 10 metal elements from the periodic table...just kidding! What do you like the most about Maxim?
Copper, bronze, gold, lead, lithium...Oh, wait...(laughs)
It's the sexiest magazine with class.

If you could spend 10 minutes with anyone in the world, who would it be and why?
Ryan Gosling, but I will only tell you why when I've spent that 10 minutes with him!



2012 Jatin kampani



2015 Arjun Mark





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Shirt and waistcoat by
Pero by Aneeth Arora
(p.o.r.); jacket by
Hackett ₹58,500;
jeans by Jack & Jones
₹6,495; boots by
Clarks ₹8,999

OPPOSITE PAGE

Shirt by Lacquer
Embassy ₹5,950;
sweatshirt ₹5,000
and trousers ₹5,000,
all by Manish Bansal
Label; hat by Topman
at Jabong ₹2,470;
watch by Rado (p.o.r.)



THIS PAGE

Shirt by Reboot by Anuj Bhutani ₹7,500; jacket by Gant ₹25,999; chinos by Hackett ₹11,500; shoes by Christian Louboutin (p.o.r.)

OPPOSITE PAGE

Shirt by Superdry ₹7,490; trench coat ₹12,500 by Charchit Bafna; jeans ₹6,495 by Jack & Jones; shoes by Puma ₹7,999





THIS PAGE

Pullover, jacket and trousers all by Salvatore Ferragamo (p.o.r.); glasses by Ray-Ban (p.o.r.)

OPPOSITE PAGE

Shirt by Rajesh Pratap Singh (p.o.r.); jacket ₹88,000 and trousers ₹23,000 all by Corneliani; watch by Longines ₹1,95,000; shoes by Christian Louboutin (p.o.r.)

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We're talking authentic California Tapas by Delhi's best.

The Hungry Monkey plates a surprise for diners with an all-new California Tapas menu. Cooked from a wide variety of local produce and infused with passion, this extensive Tapas menu has been carefully curated, keeping in mind the latest food trends of the world. The concept evolves beyond its Spanish history by incorporating fresh local produce and drawing inspiration from many other cultures and countries...which is the essence of California Cuisine, hence the California Tapas. Discover the pleasure of bites with a contemporary 'THM' twist as you delve into a refreshing new experience with every mouthful. While the menu is an adventure in itself for an experience of classic flavours, the meal is just one element of your night at The Hungry Monkey with swirls of prattle, companionship and tinkle in equal measure for the perfect repast. It is almost as if the whole world comes to your table when tapas is served.



CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION

The only accessory you'll need this New Year, guaranteed.

These two new styles from the CK collection are pretty damn neat. There's the Calvin Klein Bold which is a classic redefined. Inspired by the interiors of vintage automobiles, this sporty timepiece features a dual chronograph face accented by a perforated leather strap for a luxurious, masculine look. Calvin Klein Bold is offered with either a grey, silver, brown or blue dial with a coordinating colour band surrounded by a polished and brushed stainless steel case. Each watch features white superluminova hands and a discrete CK logo at 3 o'clock. The Calvin Klein Class has near-perfect proportions. A bold and graphic take on the classic bracelet watch, this feminine timepiece pairs smooth polished metal with a unique cut-out design for a contemporary look. This luminous piece is offered in polished stainless steel, yellow or pink gold PVD and is accented by a polished silver, black or dark brown dial with a subtle CK logo at 12 o'clock.



FUN WITH SWATCH!

Check out the Es War Einmal—SUOW125.

Swatch created Es War Einmal to show just how much fun reality can be when you take a cheeky peek behind the scenes. You don't need an invitation to the Mad Hatter's tea party to network with the Queen of Hearts, the Tweedles or the Cheshire cat. Wonderqueen (GR165), Double Me (SUOB129) and Cat Me Up (SUOW125) bring the quirky magic of Alice's Wonderland to the wrist, without any risk of injury from falling down rabbit holes. Story time continues with inside stories on an iconic bat in Flaggermaus (SUOB130) and on a vampire whose fangs seem to have plans at midnight on Dra-cool (GB294).

Check out the Power Tracking GJ136.

The Power Tracking timepieces are the ultimate multitaskers, changing the face of time to track moods and moments with precision and style. For the techy types there are sleek chronographs and bold skeleton pieces offering a backstage tour of Swiss timekeeping accuracy. Lovers of minimalist design will gravitate to fascinating dials incorporating enigmatic openings, concentric circles or a brilliant minute tracker. Fun and function prove their affinity with colour-coded timekeeping on The Indexter (SUOB719). The meal and snack alerts on The Strapper (GB289) are definitely food for thought.



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SOCCERFEST STAR NIGHT

‘Evangelising sports in India is the next step’ —Sanjay Gupta

The Confederation of Indian Industry (CII) organised a Soccerfest at the Jawaharlal Nehru Stadium, New Delhi, on Dec. 19 and 20, 2015, in an attempt to elevate the profile and aid the development of football in India.

Before the main event, a Star Night was held at The Leela, Chanakyapuri, New Delhi, on the evening of Dec. 18. This was attended by about 250 people, including the corporate team representatives, corporate heads and a few other NGO heads.

The first ever player draft was successfully executed, with 32 players picked by the 32 corporate teams, as Bhaichung Bhutia, Gouramangi Singh and TP Rehenesh assisted proceedings.

“As the CII Sports Committee, the goal we are chasing is to get 30 crore kids in the country to play at least an hour a day,” Sanjay Gupta, Chairman, CII National Committee on Sports, and COO, STAR India, said on the occasion. “But there is enough that stands in the way for us as a country adopting sports in a big way,” he

added. “Parents today believe it to be largely unproductive and unrewarding. Schools do not give it its due with their poorly designed curriculums and inadequate facilities.”

Gupta also explained that reshaping society’s attitude towards sports is as important as building the infrastructure. “What is essential to take the next leap in the growth story for sports is evangelising sports in India—to the ecosystem of parents, kids, schoolteachers, and the entire community. We need to break the mind-set barrier that makes our society consider sports ‘a waste of time’, and instil the passion that sports truly deserve.

“Infrastructure is another roadblock. We severely lag behind even other emerging economies in terms of the sporting facilities that we have. In fact, Brazil has 27 times the number of stadia per person than India. Most schools in our country either do not have any facility available, or do not provide enough time in a student’s schedule to just play. If these schools open up their facilities to

kids outside of school hours, we will take the first step towards getting people to participate and play,” he added.

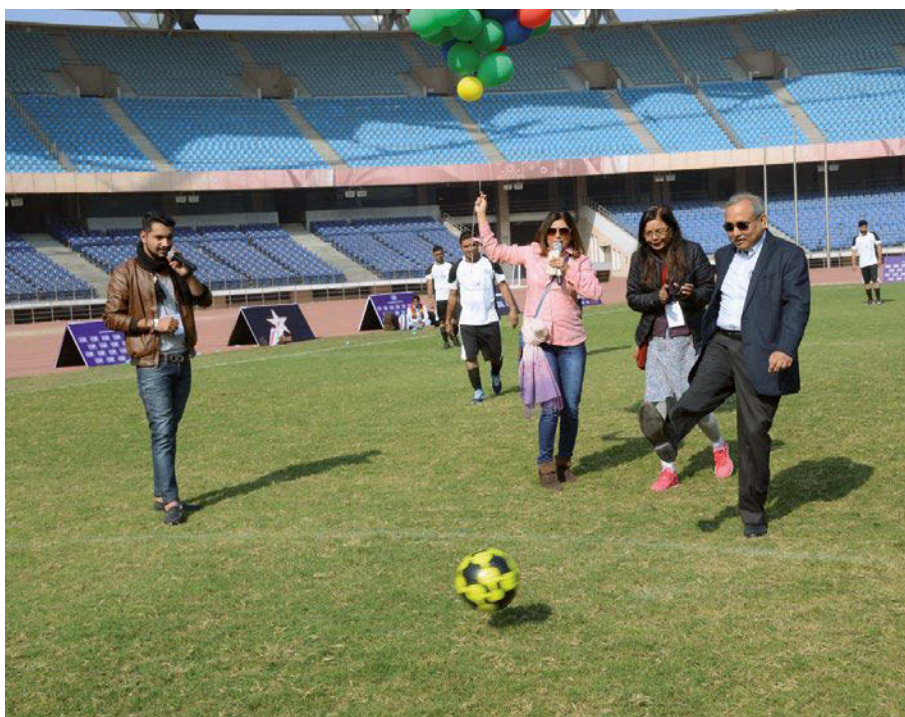
He went on to encourage the policy of keeping faith in the contribution sports can make to a brand, and, in doing so, hopes more brands will get involved in serious commitments with various sports.

“But all these shifts can only be possible if more brands are able to see the power of sports. Brands in India do not seem convinced about the power of sports. There are only about 40 brands that actively sponsor sports. And among them too, few believe in sticking with a tournament for the long haul. We, as an ecosystem, need to start realising the power that a sport can add to a brand. A sport doesn’t just bring in awareness and ‘eyeballs’, it also brings the passion and love with which fans engage with a sport to the brand,” the Chairman said.

While giving reassurances of CII’s work, Gupta also called for

support from the government, citing tax exemptions as a possible attraction for prospective sponsors. “The CII sports committee is working towards solving the challenges that exist in our current ecosystem. However, an essential ingredient for success would be support from the government on driving the agenda for sports,” he said. “Sport is now recognised as a means of CSR for companies, but a policy framework that enables companies to invest is lacking. There is an opportunity to raise as much as 2,000 crore from CSR activities for sports, given the right framework. Another means for getting more entrepreneurs in the business of sports would be through tax exemptions. We would urge the ministry to lend their support in this initiative.

“The narrative of sports’ growth is so compelling, in that it is organic and on the back of private enterprise. With a clear push towards changing the entire perspective on sports here, there is an opportunity to propel this sector further, from \$2 bn to \$10 bn over the next 10 years,” he concluded.



RESULTS

There were five-a-side tournaments for Men’s Corporate Teams (32), Schools/NGOs Boys’ Teams (16) and Girls’ School Teams, Women’s Corporate Teams (16).

The Champions Cup saw Group M beat FIS in the final of the Corporate category to lift the trophy. Meanwhile, St. Marks triumphed 2-1 over Kolkata Dream Foundation in the Schools/NGOs category to be crowned champions. Indo Solar stormed to a 9-0 victory over Kamla Nehru 2 in the Women’s category finals.

The Challengers Cup saw Sports Illustrated India win the Corporate category courtesy of a 2-1 win over TCS in the final.

A 3-0 win saw Literacy India taste success in the Schools/NGOs category, with Delhi International School 1 finishing runners-up. Also, Alcon 2 beat Alcon 1 2-1 to win the Women’s category.



"ALL THE PEOPLE I WANT TO STALK RIGHT NOW WILL BE IN HELL BEFORE ME."

your funeral?

"Kyle's Mom's A Bitch" from South Park.

How do you want the world to remember you?

"He was the ding that Steve Jobs wanted to put in the universe."

Who will you be designing for in the afterlife?

Violet Chachki, when she gets there.

Describe your last day on Earth.

I look around and I'm the last person left on Earth!

What's your deathbed confession?

I ate a salad back in the '90s.

What do you know now that you didn't know at age 18?

A moment on the lips forever on the hips.

Your proudest moment on Earth.

Adopting a dog.

What will you miss the most on Earth?

My sarcastic one-liners.

Who would you want to be reincarnated as?

Any species of the animal kingdom except a human being.

Who are you stalking in Hell?

No one. All the people I want to stalk right now will be in Hell before me.

What's the craziest thing you did on Earth?

Fell in love.

What did you spend the most money on while alive?

Undoubtedly food!

The one film you'd like to watch before the end?

The Birdcage.

ANAND BHUSHAN

The cooler-than-thou fashion designer (and part-time party animal) takes a trip to the afterlife, and has a little too much fun doing so.

How do you want to leave Earth?

With a 30-inch waist.

What's your last meal?

One that I cook. P.S.: I'm a horrible cook!

What's the one drink you didn't get enough of during your life?

Water! I like my vodka with soda.

Are you going to heaven or hell?

Hell for sure if my WhatsApp chats get leaked somehow!

Who will you be chilling with in hell?

My dog, Muslin.

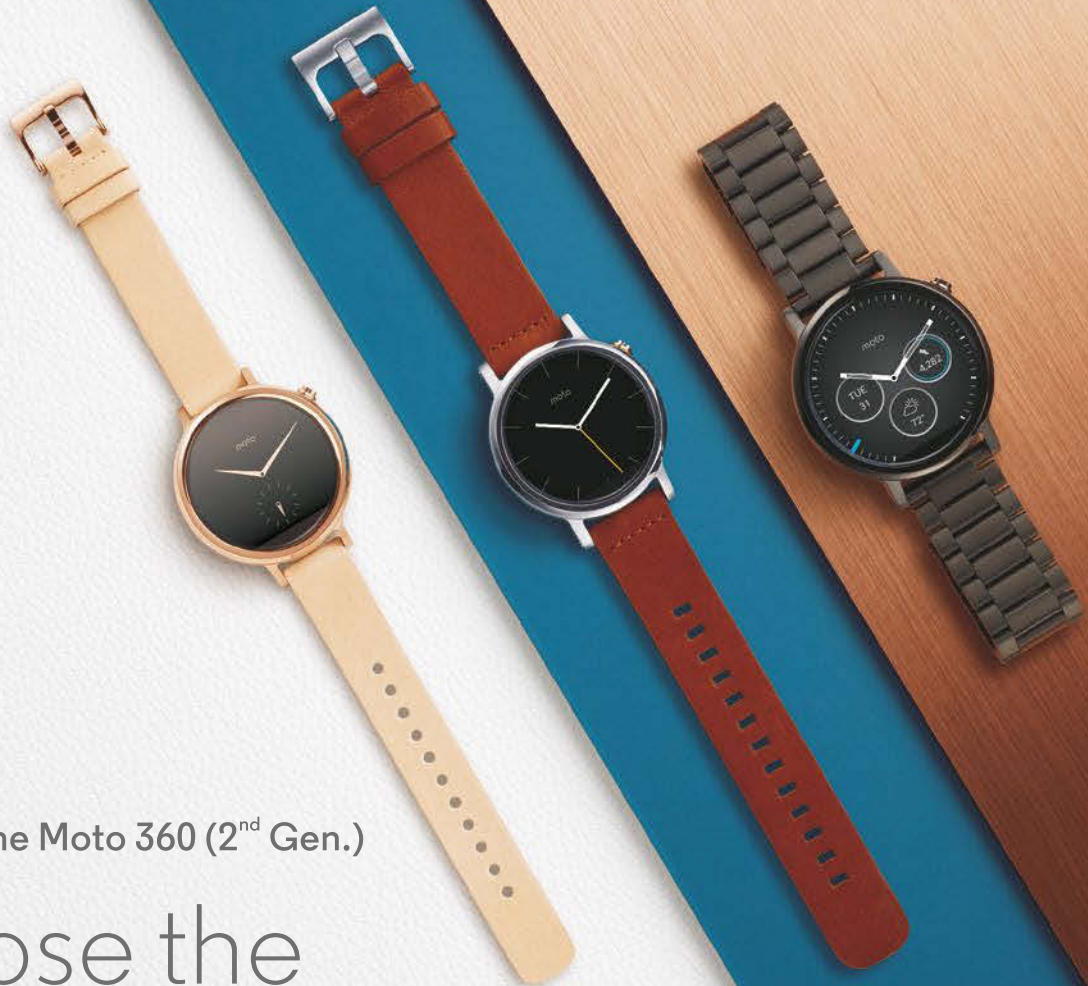
Do you have any regrets about the life you lived?

Absinthe.

Who would you spy on from the great beyond?

No one. I'm over people!

What song will they be playing at



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